



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

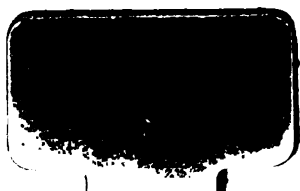
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





6000925428



NELSONS' SCHOOL SERIES

NOW PUBLISHING, AND TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

New School Primers, Readers, &c.

ON AN IMPROVED PLAN.

STEP BY STEP; or, **THE CHILD'S FIRST LESSON-BOOK.** 18mo. Parts I. and II. Price 2d. each.

. Part I. may also be had in Two Books, Price 1d. each, under the title of "THE SCHOOL PRIMER."

SEQUEL TO "STEP BY STEP." 18mo. Price 4d.

All who have experienced the drudgery of teaching children to read, will at once perceive the superiority of these books over all others hitherto published. By the system adopted, the task becomes a pleasant one to both pupil and teacher.—(See more fully Preface to "Step by Step.")

For the School-Room.

STEP BY STEP. In very Large Type, for Class Teaching. Quarto. Price 1s.

EARLY LESSONS. For Class Teaching. Quarto. Price 1s.

FRAME FOR EXHIBITING THE ABOVE. Price 1s.

Teachers will find these books greatly superior, and much cheaper, than the Sheets mounted on pasteboard, hitherto in common use.

NO. III.—READING-BOOK. 18mo, Cloth. Price 6d.

NO. IV.—READING-LESSONS ON COMMON THINGS. 18mo, Cloth. Price 9d.

NO. V.—READING-BOOK FOR JUNIOR CLASSES. Price 1s.

PART I. Flowers—Plants—Trees, &c.

PART II. The House I live in—The Five Gateways of Knowledge, &c.

PART III. The Insect World.

PART IV. Birds.

Geographies, &c.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By ROBERT ANDERSON, Head Master of Normal Institution, Edinburgh. Foolscep 8vo, Cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

This work has been pronounced, by upwards of one thousand teachers, to be the best, as well as the cheapest, School Geography published. It is already in use in sixteen of the Training Colleges.

EXERCISES IN GEOGRAPHY, adapted to ANDERSON'S GEOGRAPHY. 18mo, Cloth. Price 6d.

This work contains about 10,000 Questions and Exercises in Geography, and will be found of great service to both teacher and pupil.

GEOGRAPHY FOR JUNIOR CLASSES. By ROBERT ANDERSON, Head Master, Normal Institution, Edinburgh. 18mo, Cloth. Price 11d.

NELSONS' SHILLING ATLAS. Containing 16 Maps, Plain. Stiff Wrapper. Quarto.

NELSONS' SCHOOL ATLAS. Containing 22 Maps, Full Coloured. Quarto, Cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

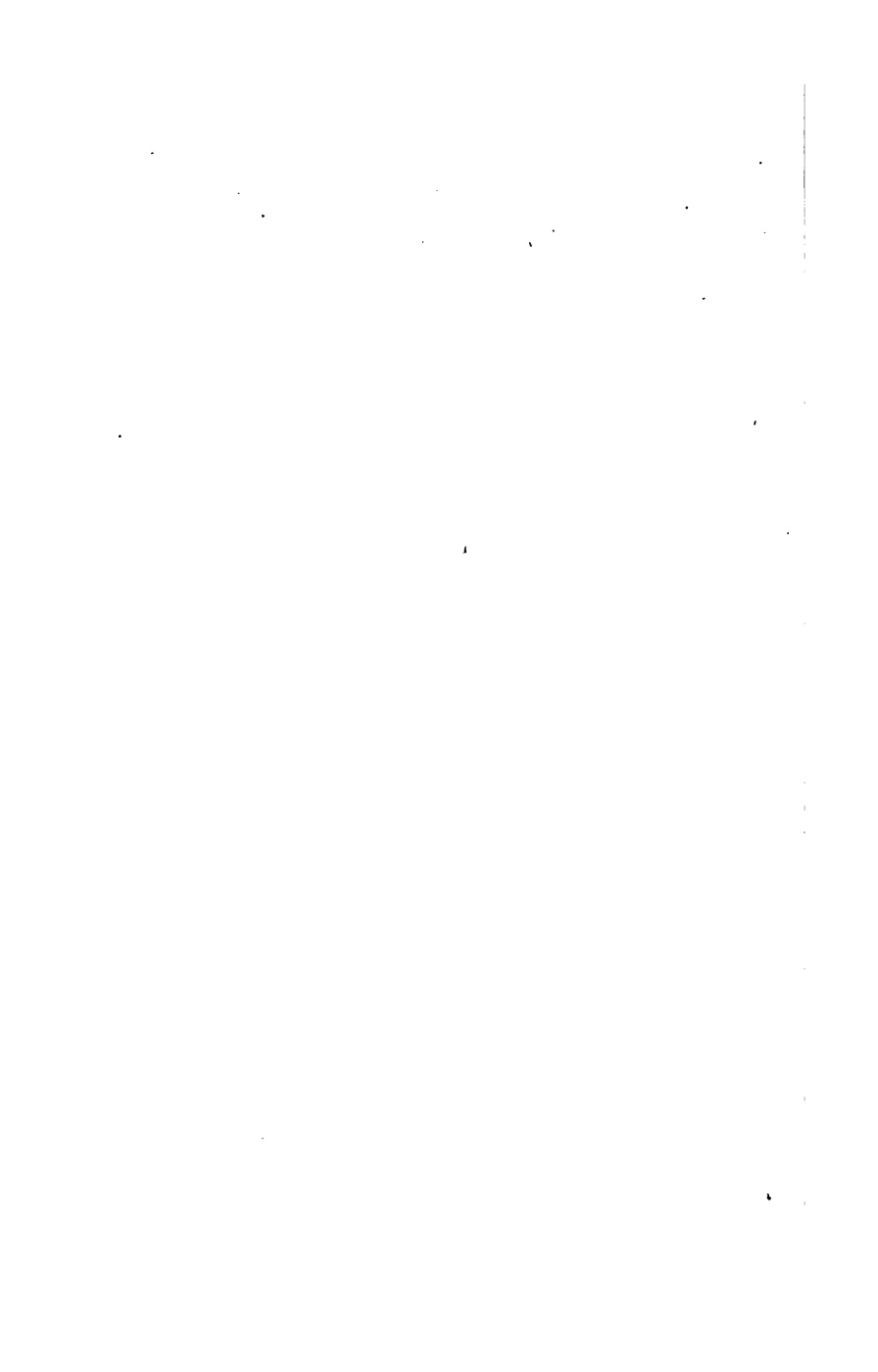
Just Published,

SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By W. F. COLLIER, B.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

New Work for Teachers and Normal Students.

THE ART OF TEACHING ARITHMETIC. By the Rev. J. HUNTER. Price 2s.

MANUAL OF EXERCISES IN MENTAL ARITHMETIC. By D. ROSS. 12mo. Price 2s.



NELSON'S SCHOOL SERIES.

CLASS-BOOK OF POETRY,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED:

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.



LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

MDCCLXIII.

280. v. 311.



CONTENTS.

PART I.—MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

	Page		Page
William Cowper,	11	John Leyden,	33
Robert Burns,	16	Allan Cunningham,	34
James Beattie,	23	Percy Bysshe Shelley,	35
Thomas Chatterton,	23	Henry Kirke White,	35
George Crabbe,	24	Alexander Bethune,	35
William Wordsworth,	24	John Bethune,	35
Str Walter Scott,	25	John Keats,	36
Samuel Taylor Coleridge,	27	James Montgomery,	37
Robert Southey,	28	John Wilson,	38
Thomas Campbell,	28	John Gibson Lockhart,	39
Thomas Moore,	29	Isabella Hemans,	40
Lord Byron,	30	Joanna Baillie,	41
James Hogg,	32	Rogers, Milman, &c.,	42

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY.

Redemption,	43	Verses left at a Reverend	
Winter,	43	Friend's House,	61
Meeting of the Disciples with		Human Life,	62
their risen Lord,	44	To a Butterfly,	63
Report of an Adjudged Case, not		My Native Vale,	64
to be found in any of the		The Ruins of Pæstum,	64
Books,	45	The Nun,	66
Christian Patriotism,	47	Sabbath Morning,	68
Hope Beyond the Grave,	48	Scottish Sabbath Evening,	69
The Minstrel's Grave,	49	Moonlight in Summer,	70
To the Cuckoo,	50	Lambs at Play,	70
Resignation,	51	To a Sky-Lark,	72
Picture of Autumn,	52	On the Extinction of the Vene-	
A Boat Race—and Wreck,	53	tian Republic,	72
Charity,	54	British Freedom,	73
Danger of a First Transgres-		A Poet of Nature,	74
sion,	54	Confirmation,	75
From "The Cottar's Saturday		The Beacon Fire,	76
Night,"	55	Time,	77
To a Mountain Daisy, on turning		Love of country,	78
one down with the Plough,	58	Our Country and our Home,	79
To Mary in Heaven,	60	Friends,	80

	Page		Page
The Pelican Island, ...	81	The Nightingale, ...	144
Liberty, ...	82	Autumn, ...	147
The Quarrel of Friends, ...	83	Adonis Sleeping, ...	148
To a Friend, proposing to do-		The Dream of Eugene Aram, ...	149
mesticate with the Author, ...	84	Friendship, ...	156
Sonnet, ...	85	The Genius of Byron, ...	157
The Sky-Lark, ...	86	The Deserted Hall, ...	159
Kilmeny's return from Fairy		The Future, ...	160
Land, ...	87	The Forsaken, ...	160
A Mountain Landscape, ...	88	Sabbath Evening, ...	161
The Holly Tree, ...	89	The Couch by Friendship	
The Evening Rainbow, ...	91	Spread, ...	163
Love, ...	91	Love and Death, ...	165
Noontide, ...	92	The Bride, from "In Memo-	
Scenes of Youth, ...	93	riam," ...	165
To Ianthe, ...	94	Godiva, ...	167
Hope triumphant in Death, ...	96	The Statesman, from "In Me-	
Ye Mariners of England, ...	98	moriam," ...	169
Gertrude's Childhood, ...	100	A Child's First Impression of a	
The Last Man, ...	101	Star, ...	170
The Soldier's Dream, ...	104	Spring, ...	171
Love's Dissensions, ...	105	To Laura, ...	172
The Glory of God in Nature, ...	106	The Lady's Yea, ...	174
Jerusalem, ...	107	Victoria's Tears, ...	175
To the Bramble Flower, ...	108	To a Dying Infant, ...	177
Steam in the Desert, ...	109	The Primrose, ...	181
The Mariner's Song, ...	110	The Pauper's Death-Bed, ...	182
Lowliness of Mind, ...	111	The Huguenot's Battle-Hymn, ...	184
My Mother, ...	112	The Armada, ...	187
Instability of Human Glory, ...	112	Moncontour, ...	191
The Stormy Petrel, ...	113	A Butterfly at a Child's Grave, ...	192
The Linden Tree, ...	114	Napoleon's Return, ...	192
Address to the Ocean, ...	115	Flowers, ...	194
The Lake of Geneva, ...	117	A Psalm of Life, ...	196
The Sun, ...	119	The Reaper and the Flowers, ...	198
The Ocean, ...	119	The Silent Land. From the	
The Eve of Waterloo, ...	122	German of Salla, ...	199
The Evening Cloud, ...	124	The Slave's Dream, ...	200
Moonlight at Sea, ...	125	The Christian Slave, ...	202
The Martyr's Funeral Hymn, ...	126	Our Countrymen in Chains, ...	204
The Last Day, ...	127	Lines on reading an account	
The Cloud, ...	128	of the meeting of the Bos-	
Lines Written in the Vale of		ton Female Anti-Slavery So-	
Chamouni, ...	131	ciet, ...	208
The Sky-Lark, ...	133	The Covenanters' Dream, ...	210
Returning Spring, ...	137	On a Deceased Child, ...	213
The Burial of Sir John Moore, ...	138	Hymn of Nature, ...	215
The Homes of England, ...	139	Excommunication of the Cld, ...	217
Evening Prayer in a Girls'		Zara's Ear-kings, ...	219
School, ...	140	Spring, ...	221
Death's Seasons, ...	142	A Requiem, ...	222
Loved Ones, ...	144	A Reverie, ...	224

CONTENTS.

v

	Page		Page
To an Early Friend, ...	226	Destruction of the Earth Fore-	
The Fatherland, ...	226	told, ...	252
A Funeral, ...	227	Heaven, ...	253
Hymn for All Saints' Day, ...	228	Prayer for the People, ...	254
Beauty in Death, ...	230	The Wine Cup, ...	258
Meeting Again, ...	230	Autumn Woods, ...	259
Invocation to Night, ...	231	Song of the Stars, ...	260
Night, ...	233	The Flowers of the Field, ...	261
Welcome to May, ...	234	Evening Hymn, ...	263
The Sea, ...	235	Bees, ...	264
The Charities of the Poor, ...	236	Music on the Waters, ...	265
The Convict Ship, ...	238	Summer Longings, ...	266
The Shadows, ...	240	Evening Thoughts, ...	267
On the Abolition of Slavery, ...	240	"Blessed are they that have	
The Sunshine, ...	242	not seen, and yet have Be-	
Cowslips, ...	243	lieved," ...	268
Song to Spring, ...	245	Prayer, ...	269
The Toy of the Giant's Child, ...	245	There is a Tongue in every Leaf, ...	270
Adara, ...	248	Watchman, what of the Night? ...	271
Morning's Dawn, ...	249	The Forging of the Anchor, ...	272
The Haunted Spring, ...	250	The Sleeper, ...	277

PART II.—POETS OF THE RESTORATION.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Sir John Denham, ...	280	Edward Young, ...	297
Abraham Cowley, ...	282	Allan Ramsay, ...	298
Henry Vaughan, ...	283	Alexander Pope, ...	300
John Dryden, ...	284	John Gay, ...	304
Thomas Ken, ...	289	Robert Blair, ...	305
Matthew Prior, ...	290	Samuel Johnson, ...	306
Jonathan Swift, ...	292	Thomas Gray, ...	306
Joseph Addison, ...	294	William Collins, ...	306
Isaac Watts, ...	295	Oliver Goldsmith, ...	307

POETRY OF THE RESTORATION.

Cooper's Hill, ...	311	True Nobility, ...	323
Hymn to Light, ...	312	Alexander's Feast, ...	324
To the Grasshopper, ...	313	The War-Horse, ...	328
God's Throne, ...	314	Veni Creator, ...	329
To the Eternal Wisdom, ...	315	Hymn for the Morning, ...	330
Christ's Nativity, ...	316	Hymn for the Evening, ...	331
Daily Prayer, ...	317	Death, ...	332
The World, ...	318	Evening Hymn, ...	333
Divine Ejaculation, ...	321	Hymn on the Transfiguration, ...	334

	Page		Page
The Meditation, ...	336	To the Memory of an Unfortu-	
Hymn to Darkness, ...	337	nate Lady, ...	362
Charity, ...	339	The Temple of Fame, ...	364
Be Gentle, ...	341	God in Nature, ...	366
Poetasters (a Simile), ...	341	The Millennium, ...	366
The Death of Dr. Swift, ...	342	The Dying Christian to his Soul, ...	368
A Modern Lady, ...	345	Woman, ...	369
Cato's Soliloquy on the Immor-		Eternity, ...	370
talitv of the Soul, ...	347	Rural Delights, ...	371
Thanksgiving Hymn, ...	348	Death, ...	373
Providence, ...	350	Effects of Spring, ...	375
The Great Unknown, ...	351	Autumn Evening, ...	376
Earth and Heaven, ...	352	Winter Reflections, ...	377
Hymn for Noon, ...	353	Lavinia, ...	379
A Churchyard by Night, ...	354	Elegy written in a Country	
Address to the Deity, ...	356	Churchyard, ...	380
Blessings of Retirement, ...	357	The Passions, ...	385
Procrastination, ...	358	Sympathy, ...	389
The Poet's Wish, ...	360	The Village Pastor, ...	390
The Spectacles (a Fable), ...	361	The Parish Schoolmaster, ...	391

PART III.—POETS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, ...	395	Francis Beaumont, ...	411
Sir Walter Raleigh, ...	397	John Fletcher, ...	411
Edmund Spenser, ...	398	Philip Massinger, ...	412
Sir Philip Sidney, ...	402	Drummond of Hawthornden, ...	414
George Chapman, ...	404	Robert Herrick, ...	415
Sir John Harrington, ...	404	Henry King, ...	415
Samuel Daniel, ...	404	Francis Quarles, ...	415
Robert Southwell, ...	404	Richard Crashaw, ...	415
Joshua Sylvester, ...	404	James Shirley, ...	415
William Shakspeare, ...	405	Edmund Waller, ...	416
Ben Jonson, ...	409	John Milton, ...	416

POETRY OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

Spring, ...	421	The Bride, ...	426
The Means of a Happy Life, ...	421	To the Moon, ...	430
The Pilgrimage, ...	422	Epithalamion, ...	431
Lines written the Night before		Time goes by turns, ...	432
Execution, ...	423	The Soul's Errand, ...	433
Una and the Lion, ...	423	Noble Patronage of Learning, ...	435
The Ministry of Angels, ...	425	Mercy, ...	436
Verulam. From the Ruins of		Sonnet, ...	436
Time, ...	426	Vanity of Power, ...	437

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page		Page
Sonnet,	438	Beauty and Flowers, ...	451
Sonnet,	438	No Trust in Time, ...	452
Hotspur's description of a final		A Descriptive Sketch, ...	452
cal Pop,	439	To find God,	454
Apostrophe to Sleep, ...	441	To Daffodils,	454
The Vicissitudes of Life, ...	441	The Bee and the Lady-Flower,	455
The Happy Life,	442	On the Death of a beloved	
The Sweet Neglect,	443	Wife,	456
On Lucy, Countess of Bedford,	444	Death's final Conquest, ...	457
The Pleasures of Heaven, ...	444	An Epitaph,	458
Consolation of Early Death,	446	Hymn to the Nativity, ...	460
On the Tombs in Westminster		Sonnet to a Lady,	460
Abbey,	446	Address to Light,	461
From "The Faithful Shepherdess,"		From Comus,	463
... ..	447	Satan's Soliloquy in sight of	
The Condition of Kings, ...	448	Paradise,	464
Effects of Aristocratic Tyranny,	449	Eve's conjugal Love, ...	466
Pleasures of Retirement, ...	450	Expulsion from Paradise, ...	467
Constancy of Change,	451	Massacre of the Waldenses, ...	468

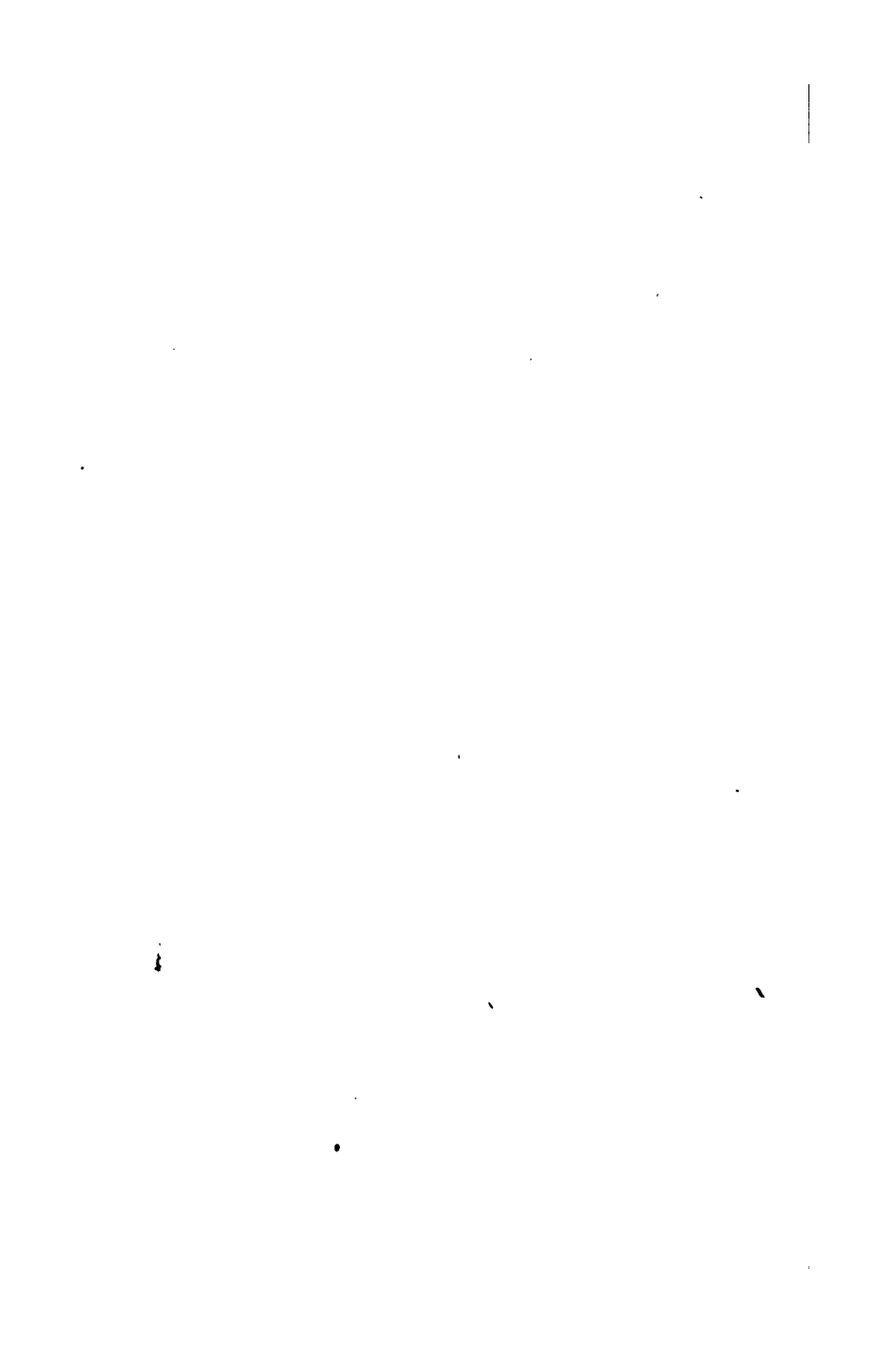
PART IV.—EARLY BRITISH POETS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Geoffrey Chaucer,	471	Blind Harry,	477
John Gower,	473	Robert Henryson,	477
John Barbour,	474	Walter Kennedy,	477
James I. of Scotland,	474	John Lydgate,	477
William Dunbar,	475	John Skelton,	477
Gavin Douglas,	476	Alexander Barclay,	477
Sir David Lindsay,	476	Stephen Hawes,	477

EARLY BRITISH POETRY.

The Good Parson. From the		All Earthly Joy returns in	
Canterbury Tales,	481	Pain,	490
Good Counsel,	483	The Star of our Redemption,	491
Freedom,	483	Winter. From the Prologue	
Macbeth's Dream,	484	to the Seventh Book of the	
The Garden Scene. From the		Æneid,	492
King's Quair,	485	Dawn. From the Prologue to	
The Assemblage of the Beasts		the Twelfth Book of the	
and Flowers. From the		Æneid,	493
Thirssil and the Rose, ...	487	The Papingo's Farewell, ...	494
To the Chief Poets. From the		The Day of Doom,	495
Golden Targe,	489		



THE
BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY.

PART I—MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE peculiar characteristics of the modern school of British Poets may be concisely stated to originate in the abandonment of classical imagery, and the artificial ideas adapted from Greek and Roman mythology, for the more direct subserviency of the muse to truth and nature. All poetry is, indeed, necessarily inspired by the truthful appreciation of nature ; but the choice of subject, and the mode of treatment, are equally affected by the fashions and tendencies of the age, and thus the works of the true poet become the mirror in which the characteristics of his era are reflected and faithfully depicted for other times.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, names belonging to the modern school of poets began to appear among those singularly fantastic writers, such as Darwin, Hayley, and Weston, who so fitly represented the character of that most formal and artificial period.

In those we discern the dawn of a new poetic era, and trace back to the close of the century the appearance of poets now familiar to the age, such as Rogers, Bowles, Crabbe, Campbell, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. But, foremost among these poets of the new era, appear the names of two remarkably different men—the gentle, yet vigorous Christian poet, Cowper; and the nervous, manly, inspired peasant, Robert Burns. The influence of Cowper was more direct and prompt, and the high moral tone of his verse, while lashing with just severity the vices of the age, commended it to the favour of many who might have been slow to comprehend its merits as true poetry. The writings of Burns—offered to cultivated readers in the peasant dialect of the Scottish Lowlands—were received at first chiefly with the unappreciating wonder with which any novel prodigy is hailed, while the favour extended to them partook fully as much of the condescension of patronage, as of the just admiration which was his due. It was not possible, however, that poetry so manly in its tone, and deriving all its force and beauty so directly from nature, could long remain unproductive. It speedily found both admirers and imitators, and its estimation has gone on increasing to our own day.

Cowper and Burns may thus be regarded as the originators of the modern school of poetry. They were, however, like all great poets, the voices and representatives of their age. A new era had commenced, in which the licentiousness of the Restoration era, and the formality of that to which it gave place, were equally discarded, and thus we see in these, as in all true poets—

“The consecrated heralds,
Through whom the voices of their time speak out.”

WILLIAM COWPER.

BORN, 1731; DIED, 1800.

IN COWPER, for the first time since the age of Milton, the highest poetical genius is seen as the advocate of pure religion; and the high-toned morality of his writings has exercised a powerful influence on all who have succeeded him; so that the poetry of the nineteenth century is not more diverse from that of the licentious era of the Stuarts, than are the social manners, or any other of the most striking characteristics of the age, from those of the period which succeeded the Commonwealth. Cowper enjoyed the advantages of an education which place him on a footing with any gentleman of his age. He was born at the Rectory of Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, and partook of the full advantages of a parentage practically belonging to the happy social middle ranks of England, and yet nearly connected, by both parents, with families of ancient rank and noble descent. His paternal grandfather was the Lord Chancellor, Earl Cowper, and his mother could boast of a still loftier lineage. Hence the additional force acquired by these touching lines in the poet's address on the receipt of his mother's picture :—

“ My boast is not that I can trace my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

All the advantages of birth and station, however, could not compensate the poet for the loss so touchingly commemorated in the beautiful poem above referred to. He was only about six years old on the death of his mother;

but his gentle nature was peculiarly suited to appreciate the tender solicitude of a mother, and the vivid impression produced on his infant mind by her loss was never after effaced. In his eleventh year, he was entered as a scholar at Westminster school, and not the least advantage which he derived from it was the friendships he then formed. Churchill, Colman, and Cumberland, all whose names still rank among our poets and dramatists, were among his early playfellows; while his juvenile intimacy with Warren Hastings is commemorated both in prose and verse; and his early friendship, both with Joseph Hill, and with Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor, were productive of the most substantial benefits in after years. Cowper left Westminster in his eighteenth year, and his works as a translator preserve abundant evidence that his time there had not been lost. He was shortly after apprenticed to a solicitor in London, where he spent his time with little thought of studying law, nor does he appear to have seriously turned his mind to the necessity for some permanent provision for life, till he formed an attachment for his cousin, Theodora Jane, the sister of his cousin and correspondent, Lady Hesketh.

After leaving the solicitor to whom he had been bound for the term specified, Cowper went into chambers in the Temple, and having gone through the requisite forms for qualifying him to fill one of the many posts at the command of influential political friends, he had probably done the utmost that was expected of him. The solitude of chambers was especially unsuited to one so formed by nature for social enjoyment, and to this cause we may probably trace the first development of the mental disease which clouded all his later years. The seeds of this terrible malady had probably existed in Cowper's consti-

tution from his birth; an event, however, occurred when he had reached his thirty-first year, which brought matters to a crisis. His friends had procured for him the office of Reading Clerk to the Committee of the House of Lords; but his sensitive mind shrunk from the idea of such public appearances as the duties of the office involved, and influence was used to obtain its exchange for that of Clerk of the Journals, which, though worth less in a pecuniary point of view, involved no such dreaded duties. Unfortunately, amid the rivalries of political parties, the appointment was disputed, and Cowper was required to appear before the House of Lords. The dread of this had such an effect on his sensitive mind, though involving nothing more than any common clerk was competent to, that his reason entirely gave way, and he had to be removed for a time to a private asylum at St. Albans. It has been attempted to be shown by more than one of the poet's biographers, that his malady was occasioned by religious melancholy. But this idea is sufficiently refuted by his own touching narrative. Religion was not the cause, but the cure of his disease. The physician, Dr. Cotton, was a pious Christian, whose well-timed words of comfort led him, in his recovery, to the great source of peace of mind, as revealed through Christ. On his complete restoration, he repaired to Huntingdon, to be near his brother, who was then studying at Cambridge, and after having remained in private lodgings there for some months, not without experiencing some return of the depression of spirits consequent on his secluded life, he was at length providentially led to join the family circle of the Unwins, whose names are so indelibly associated with that of the poet.

In 1767, Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney,

on the death of her husband, and there he formed the friendship with the Rev. John Newton, which exercised so important an influence on his mind. It was at his desire that Cowper first took up the pen as a poet, subsequent to the few efforts of his juvenile muse, as a contributor to the well-known collection styled the *Olney Hymns*. The death of his brother in 1770, at a time when his mind was labouring under gloomy impressions, had the effect of increasing the malady, which thus began to show itself, and from that time till towards the close of 1776, he was rarely able to compose his mind to any continuous effort, and for many months was again entirely prostrate under his dreadful malady. Now, however, he was watched over with all the solicitude of affection by his faithful friend, Mrs. Unwin, and she at length enjoyed her ample reward in seeing him restored to bodily and mental health. He was, indeed, peculiarly susceptible of the gentle and sympathizing attentions of woman; and the effect which such society produced on his later life adds to the conviction of the irreparable nature of the loss which he sustained by the death of his mother in his early years. Along with Mrs. Unwin, his cousin, Lady Hesketh, and his "sister Anne," Lady Austin, were his most favourite friends, and to their influence we owe the remarkable fact, that at the comparatively advanced age of fifty years, when the vigour of life must begin to lose some of its freshness and elasticity, Cowper began the great poems which have exercised so important an influence on English literature. It was at Mrs. Unwin's request that he prepared for the press the various poems, entitled, "*Table Talk*," "*Hope*," "*Expostulation*," &c., which were first published in 1782; and it was under the dictation of Lady Austin he began

his great poem, "The Task," as well as undertook the translation of "Homer;" nor is it unworthy to be mentioned along with these, that from her narrative, related to cheer him while suffering under one of his fits of mental depression, he afterwards constructed the humorous ballad of "John Gilpin."

The poet's translation of Homer has been frequently criticised, and the regret expressed that he should have devoted to such work the labour which might have sufficed to produce another "Task." It was, however, a congenial pastime, and to it we owe many of the most lively of Cowper's letters, productions which are scarcely less valuable contributions to English literature than his poems. Previous to the publication of Cowper's translation of Homer, he had removed with Mrs. Unwin to Weston, a beautiful village, distant about a mile from Olney. Here, however, his malady returned upon him, aggravated by the loss of his faithful nurse, Mrs. Unwin, who was now rendered helpless by palsy, and stood in need of the kind nursing she had formerly bestowed. A deep gloom settled on his mind, though leaving his intellect still vigorous, and occasionally cheered by bright intervals. In 1794, the exertions of his friends were effectual in securing for him a pension of £300 from the Crown. But it came too late to be fully appreciated or enjoyed. Mrs. Unwin died at the close of 1796, while on a visit, with the poet, to some of his relatives in Norfolk; and though he lingered on for upwards of three years, he was never again entirely free from the dark cloud of religious despondency, which, under the influence of his terrible malady, led him to regard himself as forsaken by God. Under this strange hallucination, he wrote his last poem, "The Castaway"—a most sad, and touching production, yet

abundantly proving, by its great beauty and vigour, that his poetical powers had suffered no decay. He expired on the 25th of April 1800, at the beginning of a new century, the whole literature of which may most truly be said to be affected by his influence. He lies interred in the parish church of East Dereham, Norfolk, where a monument from the chisel of Flaxman was erected to his memory by his cousin, Lady Hesketh, and inscribed with the lines contributed by Hayley, which not inaptly close with the couplet—

“ His highest honours to the heart belong ;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.”

ROBERT BURNS.

BORN, 1759; DIED, 1796.

ROBERT BURNS, the peasant bard, and national poet of Scotland, differed no less widely in the circumstances of his birth than in those of his later career, from the author of the *Task*. Yet he too has exercised no slight influence on the literature of the present century. The birth-place of Burns was a humble clay-built cottage, in so frail a condition, that it threatened to involve the new-born infant in its ruins, almost as soon as he had opened his eyes on the light. The parents of Burns were such examples of virtuous piety and honest persevering independence, as are still occasionally to be met with among the Scottish peasantry. Both his father and mother appear to have been possessed of unusual powers of mind; and laboured with all the means of their limited sphere to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of their children. Their lot,

however, was one of poverty and trial, and it would be difficult to conceive of a poet nurtured under sterner disadvantages than those which surrounded the cradle of Burns, and influenced all his early years. Whether all the advantages of books and teachers, which he would have enjoyed in a higher rank of life, would have compensated for the freshness and vigour of untutored genius, has been frequently questioned. It is far more to be regretted, than the absence of such advantages, that he should have profited less than he might have done by the pure lessons and the noble example of his virtuous parents; and that, as he himself has sung:

" Thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name."

The career of Burns was a brief, and, in many respects, a very sad one. While yet a mere lad, he was doing the work of a man on his father's and his brother Gilbert's farms, struggling amid the severest toil and privations to obtain the bare necessities of life; and to the sufferings and trials which he witnessed and endured in youth, his brother ascribed the habitual melancholy which characterized his later years, when not excited by congenial society. Such schooling, however, was no unfit training for the poet who was destined to paint the Scottish cottar's home, and to associate his name with the glens, and streams, and hills of Ayrshire, as "The Land of Burns." His genius early displayed itself. Some of his poems which now command universal admiration, were written in his sixteenth year; nor must we forget, when comparing him with other poets who have won for themselves an enduring fame, that, while Cowper was fifty before he began the labours which have placed him so high among the great poets of England, Burns was laid in his grave at the early age of thirty-

eight. Up to the age of twenty-three, when the poet went to reside in Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser, he appears to have lived a laborious, yet cheerful and virtuous life. Sad as were the sufferings and privations which he witnessed and shared, he was at a period of life in which hope will predominate under the most adverse circumstances, and he still contrived to snatch some moments of leisure for the muse, as well as for the cultivation of his own mind. His brother Gilbert dates a serious change in his habits and moral conduct, from his removal to Irvine. He was entirely set loose from the wholesome restraints of the domestic circle, where the pious precepts and examples of the good old couple continued to be felt after they themselves were removed from the scene of so many cares and trials. "He contracted some acquaintance," his brother remarks, "of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him."

The death of Burns's father in 1784 saved the good old man from the bitter sorrow of witnessing the disgrace of his favourite son, and mourning over such deep stains on his moral character. It was during his residence at Moss-giel, after his return from Irvine on the failure of the flax-dressing scheme, that Burns formed an attachment for Jean Armour, who afterwards became his wife. It has been usual for the poet's biographers to glose over her failings, and to represent her only in the character of the faithful partner of his later and sadder years. It may be doubted, however, if his connection with Jean Armour was not, from first to last, among the greatest sources of evil to him. We cannot free him from the charge of deficiency in moral virtue and purity, the exercise of which

would have saved both from much shame and sorrow; and while his subsequent marriage with the mother of his two sons atoned in some degree for this, the honourable feeling which dictated it must have suffered by so close a union with one who, however much he might still love her, he could not respect or look up to with that fine reverence with which we delight to look upon woman, in her true domestic sphere, as the emblem of all that is chaste and pure.

It was while suffering from the consequences of unrestrained passion, and the remorse which inevitably follows on sin, that the poet formed the resolution of abandoning for ever his native land. He conceived the idea of proceeding to the West Indies, and obtained the situation of an assistant overseer on an estate in the island of Jamaica. It was to raise the requisite funds to carry out this project that Burns resolved on publishing a collection of his poems by subscription. With the aid of Mr. Gavin Hamilton of Ayr, and other friends, he soon procured a sufficient number of subscribers to satisfy his moderate aims at that period, and accordingly, in 1786, his first work was published at Kilmarnock, under the title of "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect." An impression of six hundred copies was speedily sold; and the reception of the work was such, that the poet passed almost at once from the position of a despised and mean fugitive, skulking in fear of a jail, to a man of acknowledged genius and vigorous intellect, who was greeted with universal admiration from high and low throughout his native district.

The clear profit of the Kilmarnock edition, after deducting all expenses, was £20; nine guineas of which were forthwith expended in the purchase of a steerage passage in a

vessel about to sail from Greenock to Jamaica. But a far different lot awaited the poet. An invitation to Edinburgh upset all the schemes of emigration. His reception in the capital of his native country was of the most gratifying character. A new and greatly extended edition of his works was brought out under the auspices of his new friends, and while his company was courted by all classes of society, whom he captivated alike by the brilliancy of his talents, the singular force of his conversational powers, and his attractive social qualities, he had the satisfaction of realizing the substantial fruits of such appreciation in the profits of this new edition of his poems, amounting to nearly £500. With characteristic generosity, he immediately expended a large portion of this sum on his family. He remitted £200 to his brother Gilbert, who still struggled on with the farm at Mossiel; and the greater portion of the remainder was expended soon after in stocking the farm of Ellisland, situated about six miles from Dumfries, on the banks of the Nith. Here he brought home Jean Armour as his wife, and for a season there seemed good hope that the agricultural speculation would prosper, and leave the poet free in the enjoyment of the independent fruits of honest industry. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment. Whether his convivial habits hastened this sad result or not, they certainly largely contributed to his misery and self-reproach in subsequent years.

The poet had already looked forward to the possibility of obtaining some permanent situation from government, and he now applied for a subordinate post in the Excise. This he at length obtained, and endeavoured to hold along with his farm; but the duties of a gauger, though confined to the district in which his farm was situated, were little compatible with the requisite attention to agricultural

labours. The office, moreover, was one which exposed him to many temptations, and left little of that leisure which he had been able to snatch from the laborious, but more congenial agricultural labours, to devote to the muses. It is sad, indeed, to reflect, that for one in every way so gifted, and who had already given such striking evidence of his powerful genius, no fitter provision could be found by his country than the post of an exiseman, with a salary of £70 a-year. Such an addition to his income as a farmer, small as it was, would have been a valuable assistance to him; but the demands on his time which the requisite duties involved, led to his farm being almost entirely neglected, and at the expiration of three years and a half, Ellisland was finally relinquished.

The remaining incidents of Burns's life are altogether sad and cheerless. Amid many privations, and the difficulties of so uncongenial an occupation, he still found time, both while he held the farm of Ellisland, and after his removal to Dumfries, to write some vigorous poems, as well as many of the beautiful songs which form an enduring national treasure. To this period belongs his inimitable poem of "Tam O'Shanter," as well as the many contributions to George Thomson's *Scottish Melodies*, all produced without the slightest thought of reward, and contributed, from pure patriotic feelings, to a collection of the national songs and tunes, then preparing by a stranger. It is a noble trait in the poet's history, that, while in such straitened circumstances that the sufferings incident to a severe attack of illness were greatly aggravated by pecuniary difficulties, he scornfully rejected the offer of money for his beautiful lyrical contributions to his country's melodies.

On the 21st of July 1796, in a mean and obscure alley

in the little town of Dumfries, the great Scottish poet, Robert Burns, breathed his last. Poverty had, with only one brief and transient interval, attended him from the cradle to the grave ; and though it cannot be overlooked that much of the blame for the failure of one so greatly gifted must lie with himself, yet it must ever be a source of painful reflection, that after having given to his country such marvellous evidences of genius and power, no fitter reward could be found for him than the mean employment of a ganger. Since his death, at the too early age of thirty-eight, tardy justice has been done to him by a liberal provision for his family, as well as by statues, monuments, and other posthumous memorials, by which a nation's penitence for the unwise neglect of its gifted sons is too frequently shown. But his works are his true monuments, and his songs have taken a hold on the hearts of his countrymen, such as can scarcely be matched in the enduring influence of any other lyrical poet. Had we nothing to look back to with sadness but the poet's honest struggles with poverty, this were a sufficient recompense.

" The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

To the influence of the two great, though greatly differing poets here named, may be ascribed much of the peculiar character and tone of feeling which has marked the poetry of the nineteenth century. There are some, however, which were contemporary with them, but whose style was already formed, and their chief works published, before the influence of their commanding genius had been felt ; and of whom some notice is requisite here.

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

BORN, 1735; DIED, 1803.

THE birth-place of the author of "The Minstrel," was the Scottish village of Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, where his father was a small trader and farmer. He was left an orphan at the age of seven, but with the assistance of his elder brother David, he became a student of Marischal College, Aberdeen, at the age of fourteen, and in 1793 took his Master of Arts degree there. While occupying the humble situation of parish-clerk at Fordoun, in the vicinity of his native village, his early poetical effusions attracted the attention of Lord Monboddo, Lord Gardens-town, and other patrons, with whose aid he successively passed through the gradations of Usher in the Grammar School at Aberdeen, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College, and finally of Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Aberdeen University. In 1770, he published his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth," a work which gained him, in addition to the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford, the substantial reward of a pension of £200 a-year from the King, George III. He died in 1803, at the age of sixty-eight.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BORN, 1752; DIED, 1770.

THE remarkable boy, who palmed on the world the productions of his own poetical genius as the poems of Rowley, a priest of the 15th century, was born at Bristol,

where his father was sexton of Redcliff Church. Having vainly endeavoured to interest Horace Walpole, and other wealthy scholars, in his favour, he proceeded to London, with the hope of obtaining subsistence for himself as a party writer; and there, in a state of despondency, produced by absolute want, he destroyed himself by poison, in 1770, at the early age of eighteen.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

BORN, 1754; DIED, 1832.

CRABBE was the son of a collector of salt-duties at Aldborough, Suffolk, by whose aid he received an education, which, though imperfect, enabled him to attempt practising as a surgeon in his native place. Failing in this, he proceeded to London, in a state of extreme poverty, and vainly sought a publisher for his poems. Fortunately he introduced himself to the notice of the celebrated Edmund Burke; and under his kind and generous aid, he was enabled to enter into holy orders, and to spend the remainder of his life in comparative affluence and comfort. He died at his rectory of Troubridge, Wiltshire, in the 78th year of his age.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BORN, 1770; DIED, 1850.

WORDSWORTH, though left an orphan in early life, enjoyed the full advantages of an English University education, and had he chosen to enter the Church, as his friends

desired, would not probably have had any difficulty in obtaining such a living as would have placed him in independent circumstances. Resolved, however, to devote himself to the muses, after a long ramble over the Continent he withdrew to the mountains of Cumberland, where his life was, thenceforward, chiefly spent, and depended for a time entirely on a sum bequeathed to him by a friend who died in early life. Slowly, but surely, Wordsworth's poetical works forced their way into public estimation; and, before his death, at the advanced age of eighty, he had received nearly as many honours and practical evidences of the high appreciation of his genius as ever fell to the lot of a poet so retired, and so little inclined to aim at popular favour. From the residence of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Wilson, among the Cumberland Lakes, they were styled, along with one or two contemporaries of somewhat similar style, "The Lake Poets;" but the term, which was originally employed in ridicule, has long ceased to bear any such construction.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BORN, 1771; DIED, 1832.

SCOTT is now less remembered as the poet than as the great novelist. Nevertheless, his poetry is justly valued for its truthfulness to nature, and would have sufficed to secure for him an enduring fame, had it not been eclipsed by his later and more popular prose writings. He was the younger son of an Edinburgh writer, and had not his ambition to found a family, and become a landed proprietor, tempted him to involve himself in large trading

speculations as a printer and publisher, the direct rewards of his literary labours, added to the advantages which they secured for him through the influence of powerful friends, would have enabled him to live in the style of a Scottish gentleman. As Sheriff of Selkirkshire, he had an annual income of £300. As Clerk of the Court of Session, he obtained a still larger sum; and, such was the value of his writings, that by the sale of "Woodstock" alone, one of the least valued of them, and the product of only three months' labour, his creditors realised the sum of £8000. The romance, however, which gave such value to his writings, was a most dangerous element in the practical business of life. By indulging in his romantic and ambitious visions of worldly dignity and honour, he sacrificed the substance for a most illusory shadow; and when, in the disastrous failure of Constable and Balcaryne, in 1826, his connection with these houses could no longer be concealed, his personal liabilities amounted to upwards of £100,000. Then it was that his noble heroism and integrity became manifest. He set himself to work, when he might have looked forward to the well-earned honours of old age, to redeem his fair fame, and to right all who had suffered by his dreams of romantic ambition. His exertions were great, and the amount of his success wonderful; but the task he had set himself was beyond his powers; and after a voyage to Italy, in the vain hope of restoring his shattered constitution, he only returned to die on the banks of the Tweed, in the mansion which he had reared with so much pride. In 1820, he was created a Baronet by George IV., and his great ambition was to perpetuate its hereditary honours in his family; but already, before his contemporaries have followed him to the grave, his splendid dream of family rank

and hereditary distinctions appears to have nearly faded like an unsubstantial vision, though his own name will not soon be forgot among the most distinguished of those which adorn the literary annals of the nineteenth century.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BORN, 1772; DIED, 1834.

COLERIDGE was the youngest son of a vicar of St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire. His early years were spent at Bristol, and he received the rudiments of his education there. From thence he went to Christ's Church Hospital, London, where he greatly distinguished himself, as he afterwards did at Jesus College, Cambridge. After a life strangely chequered by the aberrations and inconsistencies which so frequently mar the full manifestations of true genius, he died at Highgate, in the house of Mr. Gilman, a benevolent surgeon, under whose care the latter years of his life were passed.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D.

BORN, 1773; DIED, 1835.

SOUTHEY, the son of a draper in Bristol, is distinguished as one of the most voluminous writers of his age. His learning was great, and the copiousness of his mind seemed nearly inexhaustible. He and Coleridge married sisters, and, after a brief stay, first at Lisbon, and then in London, Southey settled on the banks of the Greta, near Keswick, where he passed a laborious literary life,

characterized by remarkable perseverance, and cheered by a long continuance of domestic happiness, chiefly due to his own amiable and kindly disposition. The last years of his life were clouded by domestic sorrow, followed by the sad failure of a mind long overtaken by the demands of his unwearied literary activity. His genius was fitly recognised by a pension from the Crown; and on the Laureatship becoming vacant, in 1813, he was induced to accept the honorary post, which his reputation served to redeem from some degree of ridicule which had latterly attached to it, as is proved by its subsequent acceptance by Wordsworth and his successor, Tennyson; who now so honourably fills a post which we may hope will not again be disposed of otherwise than as a mark of the just estimate of high poetic genius.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.

BORN, 1777; DIED, 1844.

THE author of the "Pleasures of Hope" drew his early inspiration from nature, in the Western Highlands of Argyleshire, where his family had once held ancient hereditary possessions. His father was a Glasgow merchant, who, before his youngest, gifted son was able to claim from him the advantages of an education suited to his fine intellectual powers, had been reduced to poverty. His noble poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published when he was only twenty-one years of age, and the reception which it met with determined him in the choice of literature for his profession, instead of entering the church, or studying the law, both of which he had in view.

For a literary man, his career may be considered to have been a prosperous one. He married a cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, and his domestic life appears to have been a peculiarly happy one, till the death of one son, and the madness of another, followed by the loss of his wife, cast a dark shadow over his later years.

Campbell enjoyed a pension from Government in his later years, and the remuneration he received for most of his literary labours was liberal, so that he had an income abundantly sufficient to maintain him in ease and comfort. He appears, however, to have been utterly destitute of the gift of managing his pecuniary means with prudence or discretion, and the difficulties he thus brought himself into were often very embarrassing, and occasionally ludicrous. His generosity also was very great. His mother owed her chief support to him in her latter years, and his sisters and other relatives shared largely in the fruits of his success. He appears to have been greatly esteemed and loved by all who knew him, though, unhappily, in the deep sorrows which clouded his later years, he sometimes sought that relief from wine, which he knew was only to be found in a far different source. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a beautiful marble statue has been erected in his honour.

THOMAS MOORE,

BORN 1779; DIED 1862.

MOORE was born in Dublin of decent but obscure Irish parentage. At an early age he was sent to Trinity College, where he graduated in 1798. The following year he went to London, ostensibly to study for the bar, but in reality to publish, if possible, his translation of Anacreon.

Anacreon appeared in 1800; and in 1803, after having been fêted by the Regent and all the London coteries, he obtained through the influence of Lord Moira the appointment of Registrar of the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. The result of his visit to the West Indies was a series of Odes and Epistles, which were published in 1806 in two volumes. A review of this work, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, gave occasion to his well-known duel with Jeffrey; but it is gratifying to know that in 1818, when Moore's Bermuda deputy became a defaulter, Jeffrey was one of the first to tender his contribution in aid of the unfortunate poet. Between 1811 and 1817, Moore was principally engaged on his "Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh." The latter appeared in 1817, and went through seven editions within the year. It was also dramatised at Berlin, and acted before the Court, besides being translated into Persian, as well as into more than one European language. Moore published several other works, both in prose and verse; but his fame, we think, will ultimately rest on his "Irish Melodies." Musical beyond all parallel in language, graceful in sentiment, full of pathos and tenderness, these exquisite productions, we predict, will long continue to be the delight not only of all classes amongst his own imaginative and warm-hearted countrymen, but of thousands amongst those who share neither the Irish temperament nor the Irish blood.

LORD BYRON,

BORN 1768; DIED 1824.

THIS noble poet entered, at an early age, on the enjoyment of all the advantages which high birth can

secure. But his character and habits sustained material injury from the training of his mother, a weak and foolish woman, whose alternate fits of violence and fondness appear latterly to have been a source of merriment to her son. During her fits of anger, she was accustomed to throw anything at him that chanced to be within her reach, and his own displays of ungovernable temper, after his marriage, were little less extravagant.

Under such a sad system of training, heightened by all the evils incident to rank, wealth, and the absence of any proper stimulus to exertion, young Byron grew up with the principles of his moral and intellectual nature unregulated by any fixed standard. He abandoned himself to scepticism and the indulgence of vicious passions, which the rejection of religious faith left the freer from any restraint; and when he had become familiar with the dissolute, the vicious, and the profane—had ruined his fortunes and blighted every pure source of domestic affection—the satiated pleasure-seeker turned misanthropist, and cursed his country and mankind, for evils which only followed as the natural harvest of his own conduct.

The peculiar cast of a mind educated under such adverse circumstances, is impressed on all Byron's poems; and their free scope is marred by the constant reproduction of himself under every guise of character which he introduces. Yet, notwithstanding all the great blemishes which are traceable in Byron's works, he occupies a high place among the modern poets of England, and has exercised an important influence, both for good and evil, on the present age. His "Childe Harold" abounds with the most magnificent pictures of nature, combined with grand reflections and imagery, not untinged by the sad and mis-

anthropic character of one who had learned, like Solomon, after drinking the cup of pleasure to the full, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" but who had not learned, like him, that "wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Lord Byron died in Greece, at the early age of thirty-six, when his great genius seemed expanding itself to the display of its utmost powers, and awakening to a juster sense of the noble and worthy ends for which such fine powers of intellect are bestowed. Burns and Byron both died nearly at the same age, both leaving monuments of poetic genius such as the world will not willingly let die, yet both leaving on the minds of their most ardent admirers a far deeper sense of sorrowful reflection on what they might have accomplished under happier circumstances, if each had been truer to his great stewardship, in the use of the talents committed to his charge.

Besides the great poets already named, our age has produced not a few whose works will long be valued for the great genius and beauty which they display. Both Burns and Byron produced many imitators, the great majority of whom have sunk into merited oblivion. But, besides these, there are contemporary writers of the same school, whose independent and original genius demands our notice. Foremost among the latter stands

JAMES HOGG.

BORN, 1773; DIED, 1835.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, as he is commonly called, was born, if possible, to even a humbler lot than Burns. Descended of a race of shepherds, his childhood and youth were passed entirely in the remote rural dale with

which his name is associated, beyond all reach of literary influence, or the knowledge of books. His whole education, until he reached manhood, consisted but of the fruits of six months' attendance at a country school. Though not without generous friends, raised up to him among the admirers of his untaught genius, Hogg experienced the usual share of misfortunes which have awaited the humble followers of the Muse. But he bore his lot bravely and cheerfully, and died at last in his native dale, beloved and mourned by a numerous circle of admirers. His writings are characterized by great natural vigour, and as the productions of genius entirely self-taught, and nurtured under such disadvantageous circumstances, they are altogether remarkable.

JOHN LEYDEN, M.D.,

BORN, 1775; DIED, 1811.

WAS another of the remarkable geniuses born in humble life, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, among the southern dales of Scotland. Leyden was the son of a humble peasant, at Denholm, in Teviotdale, Roxburghshire. He early acquired a large amount of classical and oriental learning, and devoted himself, somewhat abruptly, to the medical profession, in consequence of receiving the promise of an appointment in India, on the condition of his obtaining a medical degree. He died there of fever, during the English expedition against Java in 1811, at the premature age of thirty-six, when the evidences of fine genius he had already produced, and his wonderful stores of learning, had raised the highest expectations of the

results to be derived from his future labours. His principal poem is "Scenes of Infancy;" but, like all the peasant-born poets of Scotland, he delighted in the productions of songs and ballads; and his poems breathe the warmth of his patriotic attachment to his native land.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

BORN, 1784; DIED, 1842,

WAS born in Dumfries-shire, and employed himself in his earliest years as a stone-mason. A chance introduction to Cromek, the editor of the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," led to his engaging to collect for this work the traditional poetry of his native district. But the ingenious poet, instead of ransacking the country-side for its old songs, sent to the critic his own beautiful compositions as genuine antiques; and to this happy trick we owe the finest of his natural and vigorous songs and ballads. The editor never suspected the ingenious fraud, and the contrast between the letters, in which Cromek enlarges, with gleeful enthusiasm, on the recovery of such ancient relics, and the measured terms of commendation in which he condescends to patronise the acknowledged productions of the rustic stone-mason, is exceedingly amusing. Under Cromek's advice, and with his friendly aid, Cunningham proceeded to London in 1810, and ultimately obtained a confidential appointment, with liberal emolument, in the studio of Chantrey the sculptor, whom he did not long survive. He was esteemed and loved by all who knew him intimately, having retained to the last, in the uncongenial atmosphere of London, the

honest, upright, independent character, which he took from his native Nithsdale.

Nor can we omit, from our list of modern poets, the names of the two noble brothers, John and Alexander Bethune, justly memorable among the lowly-born poets of Scotland. These two brothers will ever be associated with the gifted Ayrshire peasant, though their poetic genius was no borrowed light, but original, and inspired from nature, like his own. Along with Byron, in like manner, we are accustomed, in some degree, to associate the names of Shelley and Keats; and also, though for different reasons, of Kirke White and Moore. One of the latter owes not a little of his fame to his having been commemorated in the first really vigorous poem of Byron—his “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers”—and to his having had, as his generous biographer, the poet Southey. The other survived to become the biographer of the author of “Childe Harold,” whom he had known as a friend in earlier life.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,

BORN, 1792; DIED, 1822,

WAS the son of Sir Timothy Shelley, of Castle Goring, Essex. Under unwise training, and the influence of the system of our public schools and colleges, which seems so peculiarly unsuited for wisely fostering genius, this gifted poet went astray into the most crude and extravagant opinions on religion and social government in all its relations. Yet his natural disposition appears to have been most gentle and loveable, and, under wiser training,

might have produced the best fruits. Instead of this, he was expelled from college, cast off from his family, and the whole course of his life forced in unnatural antagonism with society. He withdrew to Switzerland in search of health, and there he for the first time met with his brother poet, Byron. Notwithstanding the licentiousness of his views in regard to nearly all moral, political, and social systems, Shelley was a man of singularly pure moral life; and his biography, written by his widow—the gifted daughter of Godwin and Mary Wolstoncraft—shows a peculiarly gentle and affectionate nature, accompanied with great generosity and forbearance for others. No sadder picture, indeed, of a fine genius, marred by the uncongenial effects of an unwise educational system, could be produced, among all the biographies of great poets. He was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, by the upsetting of his pleasure-boat, when he had only reached his thirtieth year. His poetic genius was extremely prolific, and his poems abound in great beauties, though strangely mingled with the idealism of his sceptical philosophy, and also with an illustrative imagery, frequently derived from the most loathsome ideas which nature can present.

JOHN KEATS.

BORN, 1796; DIED, 1820.

THIS youthful poet was the son of a livery-stable keeper in London. He was studying with a view to following the medical profession, when, as is believed, the harsh notice of his fine poem "Endymion," so preyed upon his

acutely sensitive mind, as to have led to the disease of which he died. In the hopes of averting the progress of consumption, he was recommended to try a warm climate, and he accordingly repaired to Rome, where he died in the arms of a young artist, Mr. Severn, whose generous and devoted friendship had nearly sacrificed his own life in his assiduous care of his dying friend. Keats was only twenty-four when he died, adding another to the many examples of high poetic promise thus cut off when their genius "just waved its joyous wing." Beautiful as his poems are, they can be regarded only as the early indications of genius, which, had it reached maturity, might have rivalled the greatest poets of the age.

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

BORN 1771 DIED 1834.

THE author of the "Pelican Island" was by birth a Scotsman, but by education an Englishman. He was born at Irvine, whence he removed when very young to Fulneck, near Leeds, where he received his education. When twenty-one years old, he became an assistant in a newspaper office in Sheffield, where he continued to reside till his death. Between January 1794 and January 1795, he was twice tried for sedition, and twice convicted. He had long flirted with the Muses; but it was not until 1806 that his first considerable poem, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," was published. This was rapidly succeeded by the "West Indies," "Prison Amusements," and the "World before the Flood." "Greenland" appeared in 1819, and the "Pelican Island" a few years afterwards. Sweet and touching, and full of pure and

lofty feeling, as all Mr. Montgomery's poems are, the "Pelican Island," we think, is, as well in these as in other respects, distinguished above the rest. The depth and sincerity of feeling which it evinces is only equalled by the simplicity of the poet's taste and the picturesque beauty of his language. Besides the works we have enumerated, Mr. Montgomery was the author of many smaller pieces, which have attained to a well-merited popularity.

JOHN WILSON,

BORN 1788; DIED 1854.

WILSON was born in Paisley, the son of a wealthy manufacturer. He was educated first at Glasgow, and afterwards at Oxford, where he carried off the Newdigate prize for the best English poem of the year. On leaving Oxford, he settled in the Lake country, where he married, wrote poetry, and cultivated the society of Southey and Wordsworth. Some reverses came, however, the result of which was his call to the Scottish bar. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, and joined the band of young and enthusiastic men who, about that time, had enlisted themselves under the standard of Mr. Blackwood. For many years he continued to be the principal contributor to the famous Edinburgh Magazine; but he did not in the meantime neglect the cultivation of his poetic talent. In 1812 appeared the "Isle of Palms;" in 1816 the "City of the Plague." It would be difficult for those conversant only with the bulk of Wilson's prose to form an adequate idea of the singular sweetness and almost feminine softness of his poetry. "Almost the only passions," says Jeffrey,

"with which his poetry is conversant, are the gentler sympathies of our nature,—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow." But his scenical descriptions are exquisite of their kind, and have not been excelled by the best of those of Wordsworth.

One of the most intimate of Wilson's friends, as well as one of the most distinguished of his literary associates, was

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART,

BORN 1793; DIED 1854.

LOCKHART was the son of the Rev. Dr. Lockhart of the College Church, Glasgow. Like his friend Wilson, he received his education successively at the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford, at both of which he highly distinguished himself. In 1816, he became a member of the Edinburgh bar, and in 1817 a contributor to *Blackwood*, in which he wrote some of the most severe and truculent criticisms. In 1820 he married the eldest daughter of Sir W. Scott, and, on the resignation of Gifford in 1825, he became Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which he conducted for a period of nearly thirty years. As a poet, Lockhart is chiefly known by his admirable translation of the "Spanish Ballads." The novels of "Valerius" and "Reginald Dalton," and the biographies of Burns, Napoleon, and Scott, attest the variety and vigour of his powers. As a critic, his reputation stands high; but he was, we are afraid, not entirely guiltless of the charge of backbiting brought against him by the relatives of Hook and Southey. His treatment of the Ballantynes, too, was altogether unworthy of him.

Mr. Lockhart has left one daughter, the wife of Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford.

The phalanx of poetical genius in our own day has been strengthened by not a few distinguished female names, some of them still, happily, those of living poets. From amongst them, we may select, as the most widely known both in this country and America, two—**FELICIA HEMANS** and **JOANNA BAILLIE**.

FELICIA HEMANS.

BORN 1793; DIED 1835.

HER maiden name was Felicia Dorothea Browne, the daughter of an Irish merchant, who resided at Liverpool at the time of her birth. Her childhood and youth, as well as most of the later years of her life, were spent in Wales. At the age of eighteen she married Captain Hemans, but the union proved an unhappy one. About six years afterwards, her husband retired to Italy for his health, and without any formal separation, they never again met. Thenceforth she contrived to maintain herself and to educate her family almost solely by the fruits of her pen; and to this harsh stimulus is to be ascribed the production of many pieces of inferior merit, which have detracted from her fame. Delicacy of feeling, and a refined though sad tone of devotion, run through her writings. They are eminently pure and feminine in character, and have acquired a popularity which has led to many imitators. The most successful of these is the American poetess, Maria Sigourney; but, as in all other cases of literary imitation, none of them have equalled the original. Mrs. Hemans' remains lie interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where she died in 1835, while on a visit to her brother, Major Browne.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BORN 1762; DIED 1851.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born at the Manse of Bothwell, Lanarkshire. Her father was minister of the parish. Her mother was a sister of the famous John and William Hunter. It has been remembered of Joanna that it was long before she could be made to learn her letters, and that even at twelve years old she knew less than most girls of eight. When she was about sixteen, however, she began to study the Shaksperian dramas, and is said to have been delighted when she could get two of her favourite friends to take part with her in their representation.

In 1784, Mrs. Baillie and her daughters removed to London, where Joanna, towards the end of the century, published anonymously a small volume of poems. In 1799, the first volume of the "Plays of the Passions" appeared. The following year, one of them—the tragedy of *De Montfort*—was brought out with success at Drury Lane, John Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, taking the parts of hero and heroine. The second volume of the *Plays* appeared in 1802, and was assailed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* with a petulance and acrimony certainly not warranted by the principles, however fallacious, on which Miss Baillie rested her theory of composition. The authoress was deeply hurt; and it was not for many years that they came to entertain for each other that cordial esteem which gilded the close of both their lives.

Our limits forbid us even to enumerate the remaining productions of this celebrated woman. Many volumes of poetry issued from her pen, all of them pervaded by a deep knowledge of the human heart, by a creative power seldom equalled by any of her sex, by a discrimination of

character singularly delicate, by a command of language seldom surpassed for simplicity and force, by good sense, good feeling, and a morality at once strict and intelligent. She died in 1851, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

LIVING POETS.

OF our living poets we have left ourselves little room to speak. Some, like ROGERS and MILMAN, still linger amongst us, to whom the eighteenth century gave birth, and who have long enjoyed our admiration and influenced our tastes. Some, like MACAULAY and BULWER, have played a prominent part in public life, and are familiar as the most distinguished of our prose writers. Some, like TENNYSON, are wholly wedded to the Muses; while others, who are only known as the authors of a few occasional poetical pieces, still occupy a forward place among the literary men of the day.

To specimens from these, as well as to a few single pieces from writers otherwise unknown to fame, we have added a selection from the writings of the best poets of America. Nor have we neglected those modest productions which are left to win a place in public estimation without the influence of a name, and which, while they enrich our poetic literature, also serve to confirm in part the beautiful exclamation of the author of the "Excursion"—

"O, many are the poets that are sown
By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the *facility* of verse."

MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

REDEMPTION.

O, how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickenings words—BELIEVE AND LIVE.

COWPER.

WINTER.

O WINTER! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art !—Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse, and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.

COWPER.

MEETING OF THE DISCIPLES WITH THEIR RISEN LORD.

It happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event.
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife ;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.

The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more ;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared t' have done—
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else ; and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, The night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted—sojourn here.
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord !
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say ?
Did not they burn within us by the way ?

COWPER.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE,

NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong :
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the bridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut !

COWPER.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTS have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times ; and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his loved land,
The sweets of liberty and equal laws :
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till Persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

COWPER.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save,
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder: and dazzles, to blind:
My thoughts went to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee !
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,—
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

BEATTIE.

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

LET Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown;
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

BEATTIE.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL! beauteous stranger of the grove.
Thou messenger of spring,
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood,
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starteth thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee :
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

RESIGNATION.

O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill ;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain!
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still:
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank th' infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

CHATTERTON.

PICTURE OF AUTUMN.

WHEN autumn, bleak, and sun-burnt do appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf;
When all the hills with woody seed are white,
When levying fires, and lemes, do meet from far the sight;
When the fair apple, rudde as even sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air and call the eyne around;
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,
Methinks my heart's joy is stained with some care.

CHATTERTON.

A BOAT RACE—AND WRECK.

ONE gusty day, now stormy and now still,
I stood apart upon the western hill,
And saw a race at sea: a gun was heard,
And two contending boats at length appeared :
Equal a while ; then one was left behind :
And for a moment had her chance resigned,
When in that moment, up a sail they drew—
Not used before—their rivals to pursue.
Strong was the gale ! in hurry now there came
Men from the town—their thoughts, their fears the same ;
And women too ! affrighted maids and wives,
All deeply feeling for their sailors' lives.
The strife continued : in a glass we saw
The desperate efforts, and we stood in awe,
When the last boat shot suddenly before,
Then filled, and sank—and could be seen no more !
Then were those piercing shrieks, that frantic flight,
All hurried ! all in tumult and affright !
A gathering crowd from different streets drew near,
All ask, all answer—none attend, none hear !
One boat is safe ; and see ! she backs her sail
To save the sinking—Will her aid avail ?
O ! how impatient on the sands we tread,
And the winds roaring and the women led,
As up and down they pace with frantic air,
And scorn a comforter, and will despair ;
They know not who in either boat is gone,
But think the father, husband, lover, one.

And who is she apart? She dares not come
To join the crowd, yet cannot rest at home:
With what strong interest looks she at the waves,
Meeting and clashing o'er the seamen's graves!
'Tis a poor girl betrothed—a few hours more,
And *he* will be a corpse upon the shore.

CRABBE.

CHARITY.

AN ardent spirit dwells with Christian Love,
The eagle's vigour in the pitying dove.
'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
That we the wants of pleading man supply,
That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal:
Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and woe,
The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;
Will not be sought, waits not for want to plead,
But seeks the duty—nay, prevents the need;
Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
And plants relief for coming miseries.

CRABBE.

DANGER OF A FIRST TRANSGRESSION.

STILL there was virtue;—but a rolling stone
On a hill's brow is not more quickly gone:
The slightest motion—ceasing from our care—
A moment's absence—when we're not aware—

When down it rolls, and at the bottom lies,
Sunk, lost, degraded, never more to rise!
Far off the glorious height from whence it fell,
With all things base and infamous to dwell.

CRABBE.

FROM "THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher thro',
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibour town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Come hame perhaps to show her braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly speirs:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed, fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears:

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forwards points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

* * * *

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide—
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
How His first followers and servants sped :
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banishéd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand, [command.
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear ;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

* * * *

Then homeward all take off their several way :
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That *He* who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

BURNS.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE modest crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stour
 Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet .
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
 The purplin east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns't the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,

Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
In humble guise :
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust ;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride and cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom !

BURNS.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my heart was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed-shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest!
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!
BURNS.

V E R S E S,

LEFT AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
' Long, long be pleased to spare;
To bless his filial little flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope—their stay—their darling youth
In manhood's dawning blush—
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on every hand—
 Guide Thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach the coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
 A family in heaven!

BURNS.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
 The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby.
 Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
 The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
 And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
 "Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and gazing, bless the scene ;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing, to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.—
And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !

ROGERS.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight ;
Mingle with her thou lov'st in fields of light ;
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold :
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !
Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept !
And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day !

ROGERS.

MY NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;
Close to my cot she tells her tale,
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade :
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale. ROGERS.

THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not !
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck ;
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was, they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods ! and on their ample steps

What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice !—
How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time ! All, all within
Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced ;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure !
From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground.—And am I here at last,
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew—
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms ?
The air is sweet with violets running wild,
'Mid broken sculptures and fallen capitals ;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Sailed slowly by two thousand years ago
For Athens,—when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan garden, slackened her course.
The birds are hushed awhile ; and nothing stirs,
Save the shrill-voiced cicada flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing ;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,

And up the fluted shaft with short quick motion,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.
In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Across the innumerable columns flung)—
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty Genius of the Place !
Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn ;—
And what within them ? what but in the midst
These Three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another ?
As if the spoils had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

ROGERS.

THE NUN.

"Tis over ; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas, to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death :
Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.

"Tis over ; and the rite
With all its pomp and harmony is now
Floating before her. She arose, at home
To be the show, the idol of the day ;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—

No rocket, bursting in the midnight sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there—
Still in her father's house ; and lo, a cell,
Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom discerned—
Nought save the crucifix and rosary,
And the gray habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
Verse after verse sung out, how holily,
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross ;
Yet was it sad and sweet, and ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying—" Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things !"
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one removed, even to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her,— " Thus,
Thus I renounce the world ! " When all was changed,
And as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
Veiled in her veil, crowned with her silver crown,
Her crown of lilies, as the spouse of Christ,
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
Fail in that hour ; well might the holy man,
He, at whose foot she knelt, give, as by stealth
('Twas in her utmost need ; nor while she lives
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)

That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
And pity!

Like a dream, the whole is fled;
And they, that came in idleness to gaze
Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
Are mingling with the world; thou in thy cell
Forgot, Teresa! Yet among them all
None were so formed to love and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn; and on thee now
A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropped
For ever! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die;
To wither, like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A langour and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
Comes to release thee. Ah! what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasures of thy youth!
As nothing!

ROGERS.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the Morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
The faintest sounds attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.

To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

SCOTTISH SABBATH EVENING.

OH SCOTLAND ! much I love thy tranquil dales ;
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse ; 'tis my delight,
Wandering and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs ;
Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
The lifted latch, and mark the gray-haired man,
The father and the priest, walk forth alone
Into his garden plat, or little field,
To commune with his God in secret prayer—
To bless the Lord that, in his downward years,
His children are about him : sweet, meantime,
The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought : he joys to think
His journey near a close—Heaven is his home.
More happy far that man, though bowed down,
Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,

Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
Of riches and of fame, who have renounced
The glorious promise of the life to come,
Clinging to death.

GRAHAME.

MOONLIGHT IN SUMMER.

Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky still more serene)
Others, detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim
Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name;
And thus the loit'rer's utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
And loosed imagination soaring goes
High o'er his home, and all his little woes.

BLOOMFIELD.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,

Say, did you give the thrilling transport way,
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile—to wisdom no disgrace—
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your favourite joy,
'Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place:
Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,
From every side, assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay:
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme,
Then, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain,
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try;
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!

BLOOMFIELD.

TO A SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL Minstrel ! Pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring Warbler ! that love-prompted strain,
 ("Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
 Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood :
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with rapture more divine ;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
 REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee ;
 And was the safeguard of the West : the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

WORDSWORTH.

BRITISH FREEDOM.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which to the open Sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WORDSWORTH.

A POET OF NATURE.

OH ! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature ; Men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse
(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame) ;
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favoured beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave unthought of. Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least ; else surely this man had not left
His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward light,
So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honoured—far as he was known.
And some small portion of his eloquent speech,
And something that may serve to set in view
The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
His observations, and the thoughts his mind
Had dealt with—I will here record in verse ;
Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink
Or rise, as venerable Nature leads,
The high and tender Muses shall accept

With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born :
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt ;
A virtuous household, though exceeding poor !
Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God ; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's Word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

WORDSWORTH.

CONFIRMATION.

I saw a mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a maiden trembling as she knelt ;
In and for whom the pious mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint.
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned muse, or saint !
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved,
Then, when her child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration through the mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a sister-child ? And was power given
Part of her lost one's glory back to trace
Even to this rite ? For thus she knelt, and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to heaven.

WORDSWORTH.

THE BEACON FIRE.

. THE evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;
E'en the rude watchman on the tower,
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;
Touched a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair streamed free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?
Is yon red glare the western star !—
Oh ! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death !

The warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river, rung around.

The blast alarmed the festal hall,
 And startled forth the warriors all;
 Far downward, in the castle-yard,
 Full many a torch and cresset glared;
 And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

* * *

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore.
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime
 Its earliest course was doomed to know;
 And, darker as it downward bears,
 Is stained with past and present tears.

SCOTT.

T I M E.

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray!

Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away ?

"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried,
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused !

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away ;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem thine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part for ever!"
SCOTT.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SCOTT.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And beside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
 Art thou a man!—a patriot!—look around;
 O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* Country, and that spot *thy* Home.—
 Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

MONTGOMERY.

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend!
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end:
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And Faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

THE PELICAN ISLAND.

LIGHT as a flake of foam upon the wind
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled :
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself, *alive*.
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,

I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing ;
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eyes still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure on the surge,
A shoal of dolphins tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes,—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

MONTGOMERY.

LIBERTY.

Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean-waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye woods ! that listen to the night-bird's singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind !
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
O ye loud waves ! and O ye forests high !
And O ye clouds that far above me soared !
Thou rising sun ! thou blue rejoicing sky !
Yea, everything that is, and will be free !
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

COLERIDGE.

THE QUARREL OF FRIENDS.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth :
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline !
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother ;
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another

To free the hollow heart from paining.
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

TO A FRIEND,

PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

* * * *

How heavenly sweet, if some dear friend should bless
 The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
 Now lead, now follow ; the glad landscape round,
 Wide and more wide, increasing without bound !

O then, 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
 The berries of the half-uprooted ash
 Dripping and bright, and list the torrent's dash,
 Beneath the cypress or the yew more dark,
 Seated at ease on some smooth mossy rock :
 In social silence now, and now to unlock
 The treasured heart ; arm linked in friendly arm,
 Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
 Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag,
 Till, high o'er head, his beckoning friend appears,
 And from the forehead of the topmost crag
 Shouts eagerly ; for haply there uprears
 That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
 Which latest shall detain the enamoured sight
 Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
 Tinged yellow with the rich departing light ;

And haply, basined in some unsunned cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rocks' collected tears,
Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah, dearest Charles! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
While west winds fanned our temples, toil bedewed;
Then downward slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
To some low mansion in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eye, Domestic Bliss
Gives this the husband's, that the brother's kiss!

COLERIDGE.

SONNET.

SWEET Mercy! how my very soul has bled
To see thee, poor old man, and thy gray hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering! Take my garment, use
A young man's arm. I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My Sara, too, shall tend thee like a child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
Of purple pride, that scowls on wretchedness.
He did not scowl, the Galilean mild,
Who met the lazar turned from rich man's doors,
And called him friend, and wept upon his sores!

COLERIDGE.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythsome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,
O to abide in the desert with thee !

Hogg.

KILMENY'S RETURN FROM FAIRY LAND.

WHEN seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny cam' hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lilly flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodie
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to rake the lanely glen,
And keepit afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But, wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered:
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled,
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion:
The wild beasts of the forest came;
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,

And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock,
The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew,
The hind came tripping o'er the dew,
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran,
The hawk and the hern atour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young,
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

Hogg.

A MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE.

A LITTLE way

He turned aside, by natural impulses
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut.
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a gray mountain's stream ; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank : an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene,
In early summer, when those antique trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But, save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate, and now all wore
One sober hue : the narrow vale, which wound

Among the hills, was gray with rocks, that peered
Above its shallow soil ; the mountain side
Was with loose stones bestrewn, which oftentimes,
Sliding beneath the foot of straggling goat,
Clattered adown the steep ; or huger crags,
Which, when the coming frost should loosen them,
Would thunder down. All things assorted well
With that gray mountain hue ; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seemed to be the work of man,
The dwelling, rudely reared with stones unhewn,
The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees,
Gray with their fleecy moss and mistletoe,
The white-barked birch, now leafless, and the ash,
Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,
Where they had forced their way. Adown the vale,
Broken by stones, and o'er a stony bed,
Rolled the loud mountain stream.

SOUTHEY.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound,

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize :

And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see

Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere ;
To those, who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude ;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities, I day by day
Would wear away ;
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless lines display
Less bright than they ;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng ;

So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

SOUTHEY.

THE EVENING RAINBOW.

MILD arch of promise ! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee ; for the day,
Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds a while,
That deepened dark anon, and fell in rain :
But pleasant it is now to pause and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that Piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

SOUTHEY.

L O V E.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;

But Love is indestructible :
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.

SOUTHEY.

NOONTIDE.

BENEATH a shivering canopy reclined,
Of aspen leaves that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir ;
Or wander 'mid the dark green fields of broom,
When peers in scattered tufts the yellow bloom :
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'errun,
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,
And pittering grasshoppers, confusedly shrill,
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.
Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie
Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye,
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,
Unseen thy form and undisturbed thy rest ;
Oft have I, listening, mused the sultry day,
And wondered what thy chirping song might say,
When nought was heard along the blossomed lea,
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

LEYDEN.

SCENES OF YOUTH.

SWEET scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
 Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,
 When, in the softened light of summer skies,
 Full on my soul life's first illusions rise !
 Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain !
 I come to trace your soothing haunts again—
 To mark each grace that pleased my stripling prime !
 By absence hallowed, and endeared by time ;
 To lose amid your winding dells the past—
 Ah ! must I think this lingering look the last !
 Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view !
 How soft ye smiled when nature's charms were new !
 Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,
 And every opening grace had power to charm ;
 While, as each scene in living lustre rose,
 Each young emotion waked from soft repose.

Even as I muse, my former life returns,
 And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.
 Like music melting in a lover's dream,
 I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream.
 The crisping rays that on the waters lie,
 Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky ;
 While, through the inverted alder-boughs below,
 The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

* * * *

As every prospect opens on my view,
 I seem to live departed years anew ;
 When, in these wilds, a jocund, sportive child,
 Each flower, self-sown, my heedless hours beguiled ;

The wabret-leaf, that by the pathway grew,
The wild-brier rose of pale and blushful hue,
The thistle's rolling wheel of silken down,
The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
That like a living pea-flower skimmed the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-gray stone,
Where oft at eve I wont to muse alone,
And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,
To count the gems that stud the nightly sky;
Or think, as playful fancy wandered far,
How sweet it were to dance from star to star!
Again I view each rude romantic glade,
Where once with tiny steps my footsteps strayed,
To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling brook,
Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,
Who saw her nest, close thatched with ceaseless toil,
At summer eve become the woodman's spoil.

Sweet scenes! conjoined with all that most endears
The cloudless morning of my tender years;
With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,
And, wandering, feel myself the child no more:
Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same;
But sad the tear which lost affections claim.

LEYDEN.

TO IAN THE.

AGAIN, sweet siren, breathe again
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain,

Whose melting tones of tender woe
Fall soft as evening's summer dew,
That bathes the pinks and harebells blue
Which in the vales of Teviot blow.

Such was the song that soothed to rest,
Far in the Green Isle of the West,
The Celtic warrior's parted shade ;
Such are the lonely sounds that sweep
O'er the blue bosom of the deep,
When shipwrecked mariners are laid.

Ah ! sure as Hindu legends tell,
When music's tones the bosom swell,
The scenes of former life return ;
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
We left our parent climes afar,
Immured in mortal forms to mourn.

Or if, as ancient sages ween,
Departed spirits, half unseen,
Can mingle with the mortal throng,
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-toned music of the soul,
That warbles in our Scottish song.

I hear, I hear, with awful dread,
The plaintive music of the dead !
They leave the amber fields of day :
Soft as the cadence of the wave,
That murmurs round the mermaid's grave,
They mingle in the magic lay.

* * * * *

Sweet sounds ! that oft have soothed to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,

And charmed away mine infant tears :
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
That in the wild the traveller hears.

And thus the exiled Scotian maid,
By fond alluring love betrayed
To visit Syria's date-crowned shore,
In plaintive strains that soothed despair,
Did "Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair,"
And scenes of early youth, deplore.

Soft siren ! whose enchanting strain
Floats wildly round my raptured brain,
I bid your pleasing haunts adieu !
Yet, fabling fancy oft shall lead
My footsteps to the silver Tweed,
Through scenes that I no more must view.

LEYDEN.

HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn—
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
O ! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly,
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye,
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—

Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the Phoenix spirit burns within!

O, deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes,
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!
Where time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem, sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled!
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels and adamantine car,
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world,
And, o'er the path, by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

CAMPBELL.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,

And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow

To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

GERTRUDE'S CHILDHOOD.

A LOVED bequest—and I may half impart
To those that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence in his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye.
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms,
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind);
All uncompanioned else her years had gone,
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskined limb and swarthy lineament;

The red wild flowers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture and complexion bright,
Led by his dusty guide, like morning brought by night.

CAMPBELL.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some :
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,

That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run;
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thopsand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies,
To watch thy fading fire;

Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded grasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

CAMPBELL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay :
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

LOVE'S DISSENSIONS.

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
O love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesss of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

MOORE.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee !
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the day's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When Night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORW.

JERUSALEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel !

Silence is o'er thy plains !

Thy dwellings all lie desolate,

Thy children weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee

On Etham's barren shore !

The fire from heaven that led thee,

Now lights that path no more !

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem ;

Once she was all thine own !

Her love thy fairest heritage,

Her power thy glory's throne,

Till evil came and blighted

Thy long-loved olive-tree,

And Salem's shrines were lighted

For other gods than thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma,

Then passed her glory's day,

Like heath that in the wilderness

The light wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,

Where once the mighty trod ;

And sunk those guilty towers,

Where Baal reigned as God.

" Go," said the Lord, " ye conquerors,

Steep in her blood your swords,

And raze to earth her battlements,

For they are not the Lord's.

Tell Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones she'll tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes
In brighter vision rise,
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
On all her mourner's eyes ;
And on her mountains beauteous stand
The messengers of peace ;—
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand !"
They shout and never cease.

MOORE.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake !
Go put thou forth thy small white rose :
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are !
How delicate thy gaudy frill !
How rich thy branchy stem !
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them !

While silent flowers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head!
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossoming hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

ELLIOT.

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

"God made all nations of one blood,"
And bade the nation-wedding flood
Bear good for good to men:
Lo, interchange is happiness!—
The mindless are the riverless!
The shipless have no pen!

What deed sublime by them is wrought!
What type have they of speech or thought!
What soul-ennobled page!
No record tells their tale of pain!
Th' unwritten History of Cain
Is theirs from age to age!

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
That see broad ocean's "back of gold,"
Or hear him in the wind—
Why dost not thou thy banner shake
O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
One nation of mankind!

If rivers are but seeking rest,
E'en when they climb from ocean's breast
To plant on earth the rose—
If good for good is doubly blest—
O! bid the severed east and west
In action find repose!

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless campaign hear the voice
Of millions long estranged:
That waste, and want, and war may cease!
And all men know that Love and Peace
Are—good for good exchanged!

ELLIOT.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind,"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snorting breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And, hark, the music, marinera,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

CUNNINGHAM.

LOWLINESS OF MIND.

O! I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind, and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning! the parade
Of letters and of tongues! even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish. Earthly things

Are but the transient pageants of an hour ;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

KIRK WHITE.

MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think,
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought !—Where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

KIRK WHITE.

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY.

O HOW weak
Is mortal man ! how trifling—how confined
His scope of vision ! Puffed with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day !
Dreams of eternal honours to his name ;

Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages—when, alas !
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for account. O, it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies !
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, my name shall live with this
Till time shall be no more ; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson. He *should* know
That Time must conquer ; that the loudest blast
That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid ! or who
Reared its huge walls ! Oblivion laughs and says
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
Their memory burst its fetters.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
The sails are scattered about like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;

The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack ; and hearts of stone,
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billows crown,
Amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home ;
A home—if such a place can be
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeking her rocky lair
To warn her young, and teach them to spring,
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep ! o'er the deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep !
Outflying the blast, and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale in vain :
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard.
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;
Yet, he never falters ;—so, petrel ! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE LINDEN TREE.

HERE'S a song for thee—of the linden tree !
A song of the silken lime !
There is no other tree so pleaseth me,
No other so fit for rhyme.

When I was a boy, it was all my joy
To rest in its scented shade,
When the sun was high, and the river nigh
A musical murmur made :

When, floating along, like a winged song,
The traveller-bee would stop,
And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower,
And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star stole forth, afar,
And the gnats flew round and round,
I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah ! years have fled ; and the linden, dead,
Is a brand on the cottier's floor ;
And the river creeps through its slimy deeps,
And youth—is a thought of yore !

Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain :
As deeds of love and wrong,
Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,
Survive in the poet's song.

BARRY CORNWALL.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

O THOU vast ocean ! ever-sounding sea !
Thou symbol of a drear immensity !
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled

From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this ; nor chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air ;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow ;
But in their stated round the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again and vanish : the young spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And winter always winds his sullen horn,
And the wild autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies
Ween, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.
Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element ;
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose : thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
"Eternity, eternity, and power."

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction : once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill :
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er the young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

BYRON.

THE SUN.

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed!
Thou earliest minister of th' Almighty,
Which gladdened, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
Themselves in orisons! Thou material god!
And representative of th' Unknown,
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star
Centre of many stars which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the lives
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those that dwell in them! for near or far
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory.

BYRON.

THE OCEAN.

O! THAT the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth : there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they !
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of th' Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me

Were a delight ; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and, when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it !—no ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasur  meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear

That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field, and foremost, fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings ; such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war :
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! They come !
they come !"

And wild and high the " Camerons' Gathering" rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard ; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,

Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon—beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve—in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight—brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn—the marshalling in arms,—the day—
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

BYRON.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
Ev'n in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west:
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

It is the midnight hour: the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land is far away;
But God hath willed that the sky-borne breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,

A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the light looks like a mellowed day!
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign!
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

WILSON.

THE MARTYR'S FUNERAL HYMN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus,
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find:
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest,

MILMAN.

THE LAST DAY.

THE chariot! the chariot! Its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;

Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! Around him are poured
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! The dead have all heard,
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered monuments stirred:
From the ocean and earth, from the south pole and north,
Lo, the vast generations of ages come forth!

The judgment! the judgment! The thrones are all set,
Where the lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

O mercy! O mercy! Look down from above,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

MILMAN.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—

It struggles and howls by fits :

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,

This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move

In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,

The spirit he loves remains ;

And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,

Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,

When the morning star shines dead ;

As on the jag of a mountain crag,

Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,

In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 It ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banners unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sun-beam proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,

When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For, after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

THE fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth ; lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year, when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower ;—the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap ;
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him and all that his may be ;

All things that move and breathe, with toil and sound,
Are born and die, revolve, subside, and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible :
And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far mountains,
Slow rolling on ; there, many a precipice
Frost and the sun, in scorn of mortal power,
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that, from the boundaries of the sky,
Rolls its perpetual stream ; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand ; the rocks drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil ;
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread : his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrent's restless gleam,
Which, from those secret chasms in tumult swelling,
Meet in the vale, and one majestic river,
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapour to the circling air.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high :—the power is there,
 The still and solemn power of many sights
 And many sounds, and much of life and death.
 In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
 Upon that mountain ; none beholds them there,
 Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
 Or the star-beams dart through them :—winds contend
 Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
 Rapid and strong, but silently ! Its home
 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
 Over the snow. The secret strength of things
 Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
 Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee !
 And what wert thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
 If to the human mind's imaginings
 Silence and solitude were vacancy ?

SHELLEY.

THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee;
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,

Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance,
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;

If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joys we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now.
SHELLEY.

RETURNING SPRING.

AH, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead seasons' bier.
The loving birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brake;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,

From the great morning of the world, when first
God dawned on chaos; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

SHELLEY.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,

That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their green sward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,

What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook,
And round the hamlet-fanes:
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flow'ry sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

HEMANS.

EVENING PRAYER IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,

With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed by night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought;
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,

With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain ;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh ! to love through all things—therefore pray !

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight !
Earth will forsake—O ! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.
HEMANS.

DEATH'S SEASONS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth !

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine !

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,

And smile at thee! but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie!
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

HEMANS.

LOVED ONES.

For the most loved are they
 Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
 In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
 The vale, with its deep fountain, is their choice :
 And gentle hearts rejoice
 Around their steps!—till silently they die,
 As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye ;
 And the world knows not then,
 Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled !
 Yet these are they that on the souls of men
 Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread,
 The long remembered dead !

HERMANS.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light wing'd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep delv'd earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stain'd mouth,
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs ;
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very sound is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep !

KEATS.

A U T U M N.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease ;
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers :

And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cyder press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they!
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

ADONIS SLEEPING.

In midst of all there lay a sleeping youth,
Of fondest beauty. Sideway his face repos'd
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest passion, a faint damask mouth
To slumb'ry pout ; just as the coming south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal ; and round him grew
All tendrils green of every form and hue,
Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh :
The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine
Of velvet leaves, and bugle-blossoms divine.

Hard by
Stood serene cupids, watching silently,
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

KEATS.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin,
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:

But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusty covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
" O God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

" My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?

Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable!"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is the 'Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again:
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in graves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghastly hand will point,
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames before their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why! Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a rugged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill!
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

"Oh God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

" Oh, Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a devil of the pit I seemed
'Mid holy Cherubim !

" And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody-red !

" All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep :
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep :
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep !

" All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint
That racked me all the time ;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

" One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave,

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other-where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

HOOD.

FRIENDSHIP.

MANY sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasing to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend--

Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,
My early friends, friends of my chequered day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love,
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh! I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting-spots, our chosen sacred hours;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth
With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven.

POLLOK.

THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,

Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles ;
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And, played familiar with his hoary locks :
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appennines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend ;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed ;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were ;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe ;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;
All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity ;
All that was hated, and all that was dear ;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves ;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself ;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.

So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up;
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

POLLOK.

THE DESERTED HALL.

—THE gloom

Of a deserted banquet-room :—
To see the spider's web outvie
The torn and faded tapestry ;—
To shudder at the cold damp air,
Then think how once were blooming there
The incense-vase with odour flowing,
The silver lamp its softness throwing
O'er cheeks as beautiful and bright
As roses bathed in summer light ;—
How through the portals sweeping came
Proud cavalier and high-born dame,
With gems like stars 'mid raven curls,
And snow-white plumes and wreathed pearls ;—
Gold cups, whose lighted flames made dim
The sparkling stones around the brim ;—

Soft voices answering to the lute,
 The swelling harp, the sigh-waked flute ;—
 The glancing lightness of the dance ;—
 Then, starting sudden from thy trance,
 Gaze round the lonely place and see
 Its silence and obscurity :
 Then commune with thine heart and say,
 These are the foot-prints of decay,—
 And I, even thus, shall pass away.

LONDON.

THE FUTURE.

FALL, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground !
 Not in your sculptured rise
 Is the real exercise
 Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
 'Tis in the gifted line,
 In each far thought divine,
 That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
 'Tis in the generous thought
 Of all that man has wrought,
 Of all that yet remains for man to do.

LONDON.

THE FORSAKEN.

OH, misery ! to see the tomb
 Close over all our world of bloom ;

To look our last in the dear eyes
 Which made our light of Paradise ;
 To know that silent is the tone
 Whose tenderness was all our own !
 To kiss the cheek which once had burned
 At the least glance, and find it turned
 To marble ; and then think of all,
 Of hope, that memory can recall.

Yes, misery ! but even here
 There is a somewhat left to cheer,
 A gentle treasuring of sweet things,
 Remembrance gathers from the past :
 The pride of faithfulness, which clings

 To love kept sacred to the last.
 And even if another's love
 Has traced the heart to us above
 The treasures of the east, yet still
 There is a solace for the ill.
 Those who have known love's utmost spell
 Can feel for those who love as well ;
 Can half forget their own distress,
 To share the loved one's happiness.
 But, oh, to know our heart has been,
 Like the toy of an Indian queen,
 Torn, trampled, without thought or care,
 Where is despair like this despair !

LONDON.

SABBATH EVENING.

The day hath passed in praise and prayer,
 Now evening comes more still and fair ;

The holy heavens are free from gloom,
The earth is green, and gay with bloom;
The blackbird's whistled note is high,
Ringing in woodland melody;
And though the cushat 'mid the grove
Be 'plaining, still his plaint is love.
How calm, how still this hallowed eve!
Methinks the heart might cease to grieve
While gazing on that arch so blue,
With mercy mirrored in its hue,
And think how short a time may bring
Repose from earthly suffering;
Or lend a wing to mount above
The spheres in which the planets move.
The vesper star begins to beam,
But scarce its image strikes the stream,
For summer's faintness o'er it creeps,
And every bolder sparkle keeps
Entangled 'mid the misty light
Which fills the azure vault of night;
While earth and sky appear imbued
With the deep soul of solitude.
If we could feel as men should feel
When heaven and earth their sweets reveal,
Our selfish sorrows all would cease
On such a solemn eve of peace;
And nature's stillness would compose
Our souls, and dissipate our woes;
And from our spirits softly call
Pure hopes and thoughts devotional.

BETHUNE.

THE COUCH BY FRIENDSHIP SPREAD.

How sweet the couch by friendship spread,
Though coarse its quilt, and hard its fold !
Where shall the wanderer find a bed,
Though heaped with down, and lung with gold,
So dearly loved, so warm, so soft,
As that where he hath lain so oft !

Oh ! when our frame with toil is tired,
Or travel-worn our wearied feet,
What then so much to be desired,
So cheering, soothing, and so sweet,
As our own ingle's fitful gleams,
And our own couch of rosy dreams !

When 'nighted on the mountain road,
While o'er the rugged rocks we climb,
Fancy portrays our own abode,
And nerves anew each fainting limb
To struggle with the dreary steep—
For dear is our own bed of sleep.

And, oh ! when on a distant coast,
Our steps are stayed by dire disease,
Who then, of those who watch the most,
Though kind, can have the power to please
Like those who watched disease's strife,
At home, and soothed us back to life !

Where is the heart's soft silver chain
Which binds to earth our spirits weak,

Pardons the peevishness of pain,
Supplies the wants we cannot speak,
And with well-tried and patient care
Inspires our love and prompts our prayer.

Alas! though kind the stranger's eye,
And kind his heart as heart can be,
There is a want, we know not why,
A face beloved we cannot see—
A something round our aching head,
Unlike our own endearing bed.

When fired by fever's phantom chase,
We fling aside the curtain's fold,
It shows a face—a pitying face—
But ah! to us its cast seems cold,
And, with our last remains of pride,
We vainly strive our pain to hide.

But dear to us are those who wait
Around our couch with kindred pain—
The long familiar friend or mate,
Whose softness woos us to complain—
Whose tear meets every tear that flows,
Whose sympathy relieves our woes.

Oh may I have in life and death,
A bed where I may lay me down;
A home, a friend, whose every breath
May blend and mingle with my own—
Whose heart with mine in joy may beat,
Whose eye with mine in pain may meet!

And when at last the hour is come
Which bids my joy and sorrow cease ;
When my pale lips grow hushed and dumb,
And my tired soul hath fled in peace,
Then may some friend lay down my head
Into its cold and narrow bed.

BETHUNE.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes ;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight :
" You must begone," said Death, " these walks are mine."
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;
Yet ere he parted, said, " This hour is thine :
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death ;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all."

TENNYSON.

THE BRIDE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

COULD we forget the widowed hour,
And look on spirits breathed away,
' As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower ;

When, crowned with blessing, she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come,
Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As, parting with a long embrace,
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming, as is meet and fit,
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each.

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheered with tidings of the bride !
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that missed her most,
Shall count new things as dear as old !

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands.

TENNYSON.

G O D I V A.

Nor only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past ; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed ; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry : for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring—" If we pay, we starve,"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, " If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
" You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these !"—" But I would die," said she,
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul :
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear ;
" O, ay, ay, ay, you talk !"—" Alas !" she said,
" But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, " Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it ;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,

Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition ; but that she would loose
The people : therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing, but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclassed the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud ! anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee ;
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair
Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway : there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity :
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see : the barking cur
Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses : the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity :
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,

Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused ;
And she, that knew not, passed : and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one : but even then she gained
Her bower ; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

TENNYSON.

THE STATESMAN.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire ;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He played at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands ;—
Does my old friend remember me ?

TENNYSON.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child,
In its first fresh impression ! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth

Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a Star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and, putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear Father, God has made a Star!"

WILLIS.

S P R I N G.

THE spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

WILLIS.

TO LAURA.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow—
Bright as the dream flung over thee
By all that meets thee now.
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's,
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou mightst ever be
As beautiful as now—
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.
I would life were "all poetry,"
To gentle measures set,
That nought but chastened melody,
Might stain thine eye of jet—
Nor one discordant note be spoken
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove,
Wrought of intenser sympathies,
And nerved by purer love.
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to Heaven.
"Her lot is on thee" lovely child—
God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air;
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow,
But they who kneel at woman's shrine
Breathe on it as they bow—
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?
Keep thee as thou art now!
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow!
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim;
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him?
He who himself was "undefiled,"
With him we trust thee, beautiful child!

THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say!
Colours seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above and laughs below—
Love me, sounded like a jest,
Fit for yes, or fit for no!

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooser light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true as wives of yore—
And her YES, once said to you,
Shall be YES for evermore.

BARRETT.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"O MAIDEN, heir of kings,
A king has left his place ;
The Majesty of death has swept
All other from his face.
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best."
The maiden wept ;
She wept to wear a crown.

They decked her courtly halls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds !"
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
Her praise has filled the town :
And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep !
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown.

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes :

She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while the heralds played their part
For million shouts to drown—
"God save the Queen," from hill to mart—
She heard, through all, her beating heart,
And turned and wept !
She wept, to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen,
Thou shalt be well beloved,
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved.
The nature in thine eye we see,
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties ;
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept,
Yea, wept, to wear its crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine ;
And fill with better love than earth's,
That tender heart of thine ;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee,
The crown which angels wept to see.
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown.

BARRETT.

TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby! sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow,
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! Thy little bosom
Labours with shortening breath:—
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh!—
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine up-turned eyes glazed over,
Like hare-bells wet with dew ;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves, there
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
Young spirit, haste, depart !
And is this death !—dread thing !—
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face :
So passionless, so pure !—
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weapest, childless mother .
Ay, weep, 'twill ease thine heart ;
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part !

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,—

His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then waken with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the livelong night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry—
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mother's hearts that cling—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother !
In after years look back,—
Time brings such wondrous easing,
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thon'lt say, " My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go ;
And yet for thee I know,
'Twas better to depart.

" God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried :
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified !

" I look around and see
The evil ways of men ;
And, oh ! beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

" The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lulled thee on my breast !

" Now like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,

Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One.

“And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me.”

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE PRIMROSE.

I saw it in my evening walk—
A little lonely flower—
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarled root, to roof the cave,
With Gothic fret-work sprung,
Where jewelled fern, and arum leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,
From an old tree's fallen shell,
A little rill, that clipt about
The lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,
She seemed to sit and look,
On her own maiden loveliness,
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew
Beside my pensive maid ;
She dwelt alone, a cloistered nun,
In solitude and shade.

No sunbeam on that fairy pool
Darted its dazzling light—
Only, methought, some clear, cold star,
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there—
No eye, methought, but mine,
Or the young lambs that came to drink,
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness to me
In such belief—cold eyes,
That slight dear nature's loveliness,
Profane her mysteries.

Long time I looked, and lingered there,
Absorbed in still delight,
My spirits drank deep quietness
In with that quiet sight.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In rev'rent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Th
A
One
Liftin
A
So mi
An i
A sob s
That sh
The p
Oh! char
Burst
This mom
is agonize
Beyond
A! chang
There lie
The sun ete
The new im
Wakes wi

Stranger! however great,
With lowly rev'rence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! death doth keep his state,
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then—
The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars.

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE HUGUENOT'S BATTLE-HYMN.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant
land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy
walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of
war,

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand:

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
purpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood:

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our Lord
the King ! "

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving, hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring
culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest ;

And as they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
gleaming star,
Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours; Mayenne hath
turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our
van,

"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man
to man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,

As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna: ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright;

Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of
the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre !
MACAULAY.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :
I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,
When that great fleet, invincible, against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship, full sail to Plymouth
bay :
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a
mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the
wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty
hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out, to pry along the coast ;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many
a post.

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff
comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the
drums.

The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample
space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace :
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,

As slow, upon the labouring wind, the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down !

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield :

So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to
bay,

And, crushed and torn, beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight ! ho ! scatter
flowers, fair maids !

Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho, gallants ! draw your
blades !

Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her
wide !

Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
fold—

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold.

Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea ;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again
shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Mil-
ford bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance
spread—

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far o'er the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points
of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless
caves :

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew—

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells rang out, all night, from
Bristol town ;

And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton
Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-
red light ;

Then bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the deathlike silence
broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice
of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer :
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down
each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.
And eastward straight, o'er wild Blackheath, the warlike
errand went,
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires
of Kent :
Southward, o'er Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright
couriers forth ;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started
for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang
from hill to hill ;
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky
dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height ;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest
of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately
fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless
plain :

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of
Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled
pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

MONCONTOUR.

Oh, weep for Moncontour! O weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power;
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

O weep for Moncontour! O weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain!
O weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair!

One look, one last look to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers;
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome;
To the serpent of Florence, the sultan of Spain;
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, the dance of thy maids;

.

To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees!

Farewell and for ever! The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;
Our hearths we abandon—our lands we resign—
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

MACAULAY.

A BUTTERFLY AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BUTTERFLY basked on an infant's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings—
Would thou call the blest one back!"

SIGOURNEY.

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

* * * *

A KING is standing there,
And, with uncovered head,
Receives him in the name of France:
Receiveth whom!—*The dead!*

Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his stony tomb
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,
A deep soul-thrilling strain!
An echo, never to be heard
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief
Whose fiat millions slew,
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo;
The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
That warrior strong and bold;
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold:
While round those columns proud
The blazoned banners wave,
That on a hundred fields he won
With the heart's blood of the brave.

Mysterious one, and proud!
In the land where shadows reign,

Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain ?
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them ?
And what thy God's to thee ?

SIGOURNEY.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above :
But not less, in the bright flowerets under us,
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Seeks, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born :
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But on old cathedrals high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair!” saith he;
“Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,”
The Reaper said and smiled;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

Into the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither !
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand ;
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land .

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls ! Eternity's own band !
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O land !
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land !

LONGFELLOW.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed :
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;

From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roof of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

LONGFELLOW.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.*

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image!—for His grace
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won!

My God! can such things be!
Hast Thou not said that whatso'er is done
Unto Thy weaker and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee!

In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking hand,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips—o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

A *heathen* hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years,
But *her* low broken prayer and nightly tears,
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave,

* In a late publication of L. F. Tasistro, "Random Shots and Southern Breezes," is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "*a good Christian.*"

No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's *free* Gospel from her simple heart,
And to her darkened mind alone impart
One stern command—"OBEY."

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh; and while
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,
Thy poor disciples sell!

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla, feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day.

But *our* poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
Its rites will only swell his market-price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
 Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,
 Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand
 And haughty brow of wrong!

Oh, from the fields of cane,
 From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—
 From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
 And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong
 Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
 Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
 How LONG—OH, GOD, HOW LONG!

WHITTIER.

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
 Slaves—in a land of light and law!
 Slaves—crouching on the very plains
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men.

The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank !
Slaves—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank !

What, ho !—*our* countrymen in chains !
The whip on *woman's* shrinking flesh !
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !
What ! mothers from their children riven !
What ! God's own image bought and sold !
AMERICANS to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?
To us, whose fathers scorned to bear
The paltry *menace* of a chain ;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy Liberty and Light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
Plead vainly for their plundered Right !

What ! shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave ?
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning !

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,

And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call!
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain!
And toss his fettered arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift in vain!

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk, and fiery Russ:
"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth !
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear !
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear !

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From graybeard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth !
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing !
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—
The gathered wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air !
Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?
Up—up—why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death !

Up *now* for Freedom !—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war :
But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,

With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood ;
No longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood :
But rear another altar there,
To Truth, and Love, and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

WHITTIER.

LINES

Written on reading an account of the meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, and the mas which followed, on the 21st October 1835.

UNSHRINKING from the storm,
Well have ye born your part,
With WOMAN'S fragile form,
But more than manhood's heart !
Faithful to Freedom, when
Its name was held accursed—
Faithful, 'midst ruffian men,
Unto your holy trust.

Oh! steadfast in the Truth!
Not for yourselves alone,
Matron and gentle youth,
Your lofty zeal was shown :

For the bondman of all climes—
For Freedom's last abode—
For the hope of future times—
For the birthright gift of God—

For scorned and broken laws—
For honour and the right—
For the staked and periled cause
Of liberty and light—
For the holy eyes above
On a world of evil cast—
For the CHILDREN of your love—
For the MOTHERS of the past!

Worthy of THEM are ye—
The Pilgrim wives who dared
The waste and unknown sea,
And the hunter's perils shared.
Worthy of her whose mind,
Triumphant over all,
Ruler nor priest could bind,
Nor banishment appal.

Worthy of her who died,
Martyr of Freedom, where
Your Common's verdant pride
Opens to sun and air:
Upheld at that dread hour
By strength which could not fail;
Before whose holy power
Bigot and priest turned pale.

God give ye strength to run,
Unawed by Earth or Hell,

The race ye have begun
So gloriously and well,
Until the trumpet-call
Of Freedom has gone forth,
With joy and life to all
The bondmen of the earth !

Until IMMORTAL MIND
Unshackled walks abroad,
And chains no longer bind
The image of our God.
Until no captive one
Murmurs on land or wave ;
And, in his course, the sun
Looks down upon no SLAVE !

WHITTIER.

THE COVENANTER'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the moorlands of mist, where the bless'd martyrs lay,
Where Cameron's sword and Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone, where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of the ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountains and wood ;
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

It was morning, and summer's bright sun from the east,
Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain's breast ;

On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened sheen 'mong the heathbells and mountain flowers
blue ;

And far up in heaven, in the clear shining cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud ;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed nothing but glad-
ness ;
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness ;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of green July's bright morning.

But, ah ! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank nought from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones, who with Cameron were lying
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were
crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces were pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was un-
breathed :

With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;

But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the hosts of th' ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were
shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes shot lightning, as, proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the lightning is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;
The heavens were dark, and the thunder was rolling,
While in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were
falling.

When the righteous were fallen, and the combat had
ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,
Its attendants were angels, and cherubs of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded the doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are
riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

Hymn.

ON A DECEASED CHILD.

AND this is death ! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears !
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
And yet too beautiful for tears.
The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek has lost its rose-like red ;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half-shaded by the silken hair,
That never looked so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel,
That need not, cannot be suppressed.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
In gazing thus, grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn ;
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet, why mourn ! that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain ;
Those lips no more in sighs uncloze,
Those eyes shall never weep again.

For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the churchyard sod,
'Twas made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death and sorrow fly,
I see thee like a new-born star
Move up thy path-way in the sky :
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine ;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfading and divine.

Then let the burthened heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead ;
Thrice happy—that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin ;
And only breathed life's morning airs
Before its noon-day storms begin.

Farewell ! I shall not soon forget !
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet ;
But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—Farewell !

PEABODY.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains !
The dark green fields contented lie ;
The mountains rise like holy towers
Where man might commune with the sky ;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lours upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands ;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To weave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;

All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come.
And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay,
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

PEABODY.

EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

It was when from Spain, across the main, the Cid had
come to Rome,

He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint
Peter's dome.

"Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they!"—"Seven kings
do sit thereon,

As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy Father's
throne.

The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss
his toe,

Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant
show;

For his great puissance, the King of France next to the
Pope may sit,

The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station fit."—

"Ha!" quoth the Cid, "now God forbid! it is a shame,
I wiss,

To see the Castle planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.

No harm I hope, good Father Pope, although I move thy
chair."

In pieces small he kicked it all ('twas of the ivory fair).

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that
day;

Above them all he planted it, and laughed right bitterly;
Looks sour and bad, I trow he had, as grim as grim might
be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry
man,
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the
awful ban ;
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's
head—
To hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse be
laid.

I wot, when the Cid was aware of this, a woeful man was he,
At dawn of day he came to pray, at the blessed Father's
knee :

" Absolve, blessed Father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree."

" Who is the sinner," quoth the Pope, " that at my foot
doth kneel !"

" I am Rodrigo Diaz—a poor baron of Castille."—
Much marvelled all were in the hall, when that name
they heard him say.

" Rise up, rise up," the Pope he said, " I do thy guilt
away :—

" I do thy guilt away," he said, " and my curse I blot it out ;
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout ;
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor."

LOCKHART.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."

'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuarez'
daughter,—

"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold
blue water.

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver
set,

That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him
forget,

That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on
other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-
rings pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped
them in the well,

O what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have
been,

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,

Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting
well—

Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the
way ;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say ;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses
noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of
pearl unloosed ;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same ;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his
token.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! oh, luckless, luckless well !
For what to say to Muça, alas ! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe—
That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of
him at eve ;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone ;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand
they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the
well."

LOCKHART.

S P R I N G.

THE sweet south wind, so long
Sleeping in other climes, on sunny seas,
Or dallying gaily with the orange-trees
In the bright land of song,
Wakes unto us, and laughingly sweeps by,
Like a glad spirit of the sunlit sky.

The labourer at his toil
Feels on his cheek its dewy kiss, and lifts
His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts—
The aromatic spoil
Borne from the blossoming gardens of the south—
While its faint sweetness lingers round his mouth.

The bursting buds look up
To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill-side ; and the violet
Opens its azure cup
Meekly, and countless wild-flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of spring.

The reptile that hath lain
Torpid so long within his wintry tomb,
Pierces the mould, ascending from its gloom
Up to the light again ;
And the lithe snake crawls forth from caverns chill,
To bask as erst upon the sunny hill.

Continual songs arise
From universal nature ; birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
A second Paradise !

Thrice-blessed Spring! thou bearest gifts divine!
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine.

Nor unto earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,
Telling of Winter flown,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of eternal life—thrice-blessed Spring!

BURLEIGH.

A REQUIEM.

Ay, pale and silent maiden,
Cold as thou liest there,
Thine was the sunniest nature
That ever drew the air,
The wildest and most wayward,
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemedst but to body
A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved!
And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's shallows
And dost possess the deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
Thy heart is cold and still,

Thine eyes are shut for ever,
And Death hath had his will ;
He loved and would have taken,
I loved and would have kept,
We strove—and he was stronger,
And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
Thy soul is still with me,
More sunny and more gladsome
Than it was wont to be :
Thy body was a fetter
That bound me to the flesh,
Thank God that it is broken,
And now I live afresh !

Now I can see thee clearly ;
The dusky cloud of clay,
That hid thy starry spirit,
Is rent and blown away :
To earth I give thy body,
Thy spirit to the sky,
I saw its bright wings growing,
And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen ;
Lifts the eternal shadow,
The silence bursts apart,
And the soul's boundless future
Is present in my heart,

LOWELL.

A REVERIE.

In the twilight deep and silent
Comes thy spirit unto mine,
When the starlight and the moonlight,
Over cliff and woodland shine,
And the quiver of the river
Seems a thrill of joy benign.

Then I rise and go in fancy
To the headland by the sea,
When the evening-star throbs setting
Through the dusky cedar-tree;
And, from under low-voiced thunder,
From the surf swells fitfully.

Then within my soul I feel thee,
Like a dream of bygone years;
Visions of my childhood murmur
Their old madness in mine ears,
Till the pleasance of thy presence
Crowds my heart with blissful tears.

All the wondrous dreams of boyhood,
All youth's fiery thirst of praise,
All the surer hopes of manhood
Blossoming in sadder days,
Joys that bound me, griefs that crowned me,
With a better wreath than bays.

All the longings after freedom,
The vague love of human-kind,

Wandering far and near at random,
Like a dead leaf on the wind,
Rousing only in the lonely
Twilight of an aimless mind.

All of these, O best-beloved !
Happiest present dreams and past,
In thy love find safe fulfilment,
Ripened into truth at last ;
Faith and beauty, hope and duty,
To one centre gather fast.

How my spirit, like an ocean,
At the breath of thine awakes,
Leaps its shores in mad exulting,
And in foamy music breaks,
Then, down sinking, lieth shrinking
From the tumult that it makes !

Blazing Hesperus hath sunken
Low adown the pale blue west,
And with blazing splendour crowneth
The horizon's piny crest ;
Thoughtful quiet stills the riot
Of wild longing in my breast.

Home I loiter through the moonlight
Underneath the quivering trees,
Which, as if a spirit stirred them,
Sway and bend, till, by degrees,
The faint surge's murmur merges
In the rustle of the breeze.

LOWELL.

TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

I CANNOT think that thou shouldst pass away,
Whose life to mine is an eternal law,
A piece of nature that can have no flaw,
A new and certain sunrise every day :
But, if thou art to be another ray
About the Sun of life, and art to live
Free from all of thee that was fugitive,
The debt of Love I will more fully pay,
Not downcast with the thought of thee so high,
But rather raised to be a nobler man,
And more divine in my humanity,
As knowing that the waiting eyes which scan
My life, are lighted by a purer being,
And ask meek, calm-browed deeds, with it agreeing.

LOWELL.

THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
O yes ! his fatherland must be,
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God, and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this ?
O yes ! his fatherland must be,
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

LOWELL.

A FUNERAL.

SLOWLY and softly let the music go,
As ye wind upwards to the gray church-tower ;
Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low—
Tread lightly on the pathside daisy flower,
For she you carry was a gentle bud,
Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew :
Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
In prime of even, when the stars are few.
Lay her all gently in the flowerful mould,
Weep with her one brief hour ; then turn away—
Go to hope's prison—and from out the cold
And solitary gratings many a day
Look forth : 'tis said the world is growing old—
And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play.

Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast :—
She heard the call and rose with willing feet :
But, thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace gate
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet ; though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft :
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

ALFORD.

HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

STAND up before your God,
You army bold and bright,
Saints, martyrs, and confessors,
In your robes of white ;
The church below doth challenge you
To an act of praise,
Ready with mirth in all the earth
A joyful song to raise.

Stand up before your God,
In beautiful array,
Make ready all your instruments
The while we mourn and pray,

For we must stay to mourn and pray ;
Some prelude to our song,
For the fear of death has clogged our breath,
And our foes are swift and strong.

But ye before your God
Are hushed from all alarm,
Out through the grave and gate of death
Ye have passed into the calm ;
Your fight is done, your victory won,
With peril, and toil, and blood,
Among the slain, on the battle-plain
We buried ye where ye stood.

Stand up before your God,
Although we cannot hear
The new song he hath taught you
With our fleshly ear ;
Yet still we burn that hymn to learn,
And from the church below,
Even while we sing, on heavenward wing,
Some happy souls shall go.

Ye are before your God,
But we press onward still,
The soldiers of his army,
The servants of his will ;
A captive band in foreign land
For ages long we've been,
But our dearest theme, and our fondest dream,
Is the home we have never seen

We soon shall see our God,
The hour is waxing on,

The dayspring from on high has risen,
And the night is past and gone ;
The light of earth has had its birth,
And it shall have its doom ;
The church on earth are few in birth,
But many in the tomb.

ALFORD.

BEAUTY IN DEATH.

STILL as a moonlight ruin is thy form,
Or meekness of carved marble, that hath prayed
For ages on a tomb ; serenely laid
As some fair vessel that hath braved the storm
And passed into her haven, when the noise
That cheered her home hath all to silence died,
Her crew have shoreward parted, and no voice
Troubles her sleeping image in the tide.
Sister and saint, thou art a closed book,
Whose holy printing none may yet reveal ;
A few days thou art granted us to look
On thy clasped binding ; till that One unseal,
The Lamb, alone found worthy, and above
Thou teach sweet lessons to the King of Love.

ALFORD.

MEETING AGAIN.

Yes, we shall meet again, my cherished friend ;
Not in the beautiful autumnal bowers,

Where we have seen the waving corn-fields bend,
And twined bright garlands of the harvest flowers,
And watched the gleaners with their golden store—
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the well-remembered hall of mirth,
Where at the evening hour each heart rejoices,
And friends and kindred crowd the social hearth,
And the glad breathings of young happy voices,
Strains of sweet melody in concert pour—
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the haunts of busy strife, which bind
Thy soaring spirit to base mammon's toil ;
Where the revealings of thy gifted mind
Exhaust their glories on a barren soil,
With few to praise, to wonder, or deplore—
There we shall meet no more.

Yet mourn not thus : in realms of changeless gladness,
Where friendship's ties are never crushed and broken,
We still may meet : Heaven, who beholds our sadness,
Hath to the trusting heart assurance spoken
Of that blest land, where, free from care and pain,
Fond friends unite again.

STANLEY.

INVOCATION TO NIGHT.

COME, solemn Night, and spread thy pall
Wide o'er the slumbering shore and sea,
And hang along thy vaulted hall
The star-lights of eternity ;

Thy beacons, beautiful and bright—
Isles in the ocean of the blest—
That guide the parted spirit's flight
Unto the land of rest.

Come—for the evening glories fade,
Quenched in the ocean's depths profound;
Come with thy solitude and shade,
Thy silence and thy sound;
Awake the deep and lonely lay
From wood and stream, of saddening tone;
The harmonies unheard by day,
The music all thine own!

And with thy starry eyes that weep
Their silent dew on flower and tree,
My heart shall solemn vigils keep—
My thoughts converse with thee;
Upon whose glowing page expand
The revelations of the sky;
Which knowledge teach to every land,
Of man's high destiny.

For while the mighty orbs of fire
(So wildly bright they seem to live)
Feel not the beauty they inspire,
Nor see the light they give;
Even I, an atom of the earth,
Itself an atom 'midst the frame
Of nature—can inquire their birth,
And ask them whence they came.

MALCOLM.

N I G H T.

O NIGHT ! how beautiful thy golden dress,
On which so many stars like gems are strewed,
So mild and modest in thy loveliness,
So bright, so glorious in thy solitude !
The soul soars upwards on its holy wings,
Through the vast ocean-paths of light sublime,
Visits a thousand yet unravell'd things ;
And, if its memories look to earthly time
And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream—
For earth and earthly things but shadows seem ;
While heaven is substance, and eternity.

That is thy temple, Lord ! 'tis worthy thee,
And in it thou hast many a lamp suspended,
That dazzles not, but lights resplendently ;
And there thy court is—there thy court, attended
By myriad, myriad messengers—the song
Of countless and melodious harps is heard,
Sweeter than rill, or stream, or vernal bird,
The dark and melancholy woods among.
And golden worlds in that wide temple glow,
And roll in brightness, in their orbits vast,
And there the future mingles with the past,
An unbeginning, an unending now.

BOWRING.

WELCOME TO MAY.

Come, gentle May!

Come with thy robe of flowers,

Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers;

Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,
From their imprisoning and mysterious night,
The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May!

For, at the bidding of thy magic wand,

Quick from the caverns of the breathing land,

In all their green and glorious array
They spring, as spring the Persian maids to hail
Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May!

Come with thy train, that high

On some fresh branch pour out their melody;

Or, carolling thy praise the livelong day,
Sit perched in some lone glen, on echo calling,
'Mid murmuring woods and musical waters falling.

Come, sunny May!

Come with thy laughing beam,

What time the lazy mist melts on the stream,

Or seeks the mountain-top to meet thy ray,
Ere yet the dew-drop on thine own soft flower
Hath lost its light, or died beneath his power.

Come, beautiful May!

Like youth and loveliness,

The month all love; oh, come in thy full dress,

The drapery of dark winter cast away;

To the bright eye and the glad heart appear
Queen of the spring, and mistress of the year.

Yet let me, sweetest May!
Let thy fond votaries see,
As fade thy beauties, all the vanity
Of this world's pomp; then teach, that though decay
In his short winter bury beauty's frame,
In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway,
Another spring shall bloom, eternal and the same.

LAWRENCE.

THE SEA.

From shore to shore the waters sleep,
Without a breath to move them;
And mirror many a fathom deep
Rocks round and skies above them.
I catch the sea-bird's lightest wail
That dots the distant billow,
And hear the flappings of the sail
That lull the sea-boy's pillow.

Anon, across the glassy bay,
The catspaw gusts come creeping;
A thousand waves are soon at play,
In sunny freshness leaping.
The surge once more talks round the shore,
The good ship walks the ocean;
Seas, skies, and men, all wake again
To music, health, and motion.

But now the clouds, in angry crowds,
On heaven's grim forehead muster,
And wild and wide sweeps o'er the tide
The white squall's fitful bluster.
The stout ship heels, the brave heart reels
Before the 'whelming breaker ;
And all in nature quakes, and feels
The presence of its Maker.

O, glorious still in every form,
Untamed, untrodden ocean ;
Beneath the sunshine or the storm,
In stillness or commotion ;
Be mine to dwell beside the swell,
A witness of thy wonders ;
Feel thy light spray around me play,
And thrill before thy thunders !

While yet a boy I felt it joy
To gaze upon thy glories ;
I loved to ride thy stormy tide,
And shout in joyous chorus.
With calmer brow I haunt thee now
To nurse sublime emotion ;
My soul is awed, and filled with God,
By thee, majestic ocean.

LYTTE.

THE CHARITIES OF THE POOR.

THERE is a thought so purely blest,
That to its use I oft repair,

When evil breaks my spirit's rest,
And pleasure is but varied care ;
A thought to gild the stormiest skies,
To deck with flowers the bleakest moor—
A thought whose home is Paradise,
The charities of poor to poor.

It were not for the rich to blame,
If they, whom fortune seems to scorn,
Should vent their ill-content and shame
On others less or more forlorn :
But, that the veriest needs of life
Should be dispensed with freer hand,
Than all their stores and treasures rife—
Is not for them to understand.

To give the stranger's children bread,
Of your precarious board the spoil,
To watch your helpless neighbour's bed,
And sleepless meet the morrow's toil ;
The gifts, not proffered once alone,
The daily sacrifice of years ;
And when all else to give is gone,
The precious gifts of love and tears !

Therefore, lament not, honest soul !
That Providence holds back from thee
The means thou might'st so well control—
Those luxuries of charity.
Manhood is nobler, as thou art ;
And, should some chance thy coffers fill,
How art thou sure to keep thine heart,
To hold unchanged thy loving will ?

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,
And bears a poison in its core,
To taint the best, if feeble, mind,
And madden that debased before.
It is the battle, not the prize,
That fills the hero's breast with joy ;
And industry the bliss supplies,
Which mere possession might destroy.

MONCKTON MILNES.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

MORN on the waters ! and purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light ;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;
The winds come around her, and murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in her shrouds :
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters, away and away !
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high,
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
O ! there be hearts that are breaking below.

Night on the waves ! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,

Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.
Look to the waters ! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest,
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain ?
Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within !
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever ?
Or dreams that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?
'Tis thus with our life : while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled ;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;
And the withering thoughts that the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er

HERVEY.

THE SHADOWS.

Who has not felt, 'mid azure skies,
At glowing noon, or golden even,
A soft and mellow sadness rise,
And tinge with earth the hues of heaven?

That shadowing consciousness will steal
O'er every scene of fond desire;
Linger in laughter's gayest peal,
And close each cadence of the lyre.

In the most radiant landscape's round,
Lurk the dim thoughts of crime and care;
Man's toil must plough the teeming ground,
His sigh must load the perfumed air.

O for the suns that never part,
The fields with hues unfading drest;
The unfalt'ring strain, th' unclouded heart,
The joy, the triumph, and the rest.

EARL OF CARLISLE.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

PROUDLY on Cressy's tented wold
The lion-flag of England flew;
As proudly gleamed its crimson fold
O'er the dun heights of Waterloo:
But other lyres shall greet the brave;
Sing now, that we have freed the slave.

The ocean plain, where Nelson bled,
Fair commerce plies with peaceful oar;
Duteous o'er Britain's clime to shed
The gathered spoil of every shore :
To-day, across the Atlantic sea,
Shout—shout ye, that the slave is free.

And eloquence, in rushing streams,
Has flowed our halls and courts along,
Or kindled 'mid yet loftier dreams
The glowing bursts of glowing song :
Let both their noblest burden pour,
To tell that slavery is no more.

Bright science through each field of space
Has urged her mist-dispelling car,
Coy nature's hidden reign to trace,
To weigh each wind, and count each star :
Yet stay, thou proud philosophy,
First stoop to bid mankind be free.

And freedom has been long our own,
With all her soft and generous train,
To gild the lustre of the throne,
And guard the labour of the plain :
Ye heirs of ancient Runnymede!
Your slaves—O! could it be?—are freed.

Ah! for the tale the slave could speak,
Ah! for the shame of England's sway;
On Afric sands the maddened shriek,
'Neath Indian suns the burning day :
Ye sounds of guilt—ye sights of gore—
Away! for slavery is no more.

'Mid the drear haunts of force and strife,
The ministers of peace shall stand,
And pour the welling words of life
Around a parched and thirsty land ;
While, spread beneath the tamarind tree,
Rise "happy homes and altars free."

Ye isles, that court the tropic rays,
Clustered on ocean's sapphire breast ;
Ye feathery bowers, ye fairy bays,
In more than fable now—"the blest :"
Waft on each gale your choral strain,
Till every land has rent the chain.

O England, empire's home and head,
First in each art of peace and power,
Mighty the billow crest to tread,
Mighty to rule the battle hour ;
But mightiest to relieve and save,
Rejoice, that thou hast freed the slave.

EARL OF CARLISLE

THE SUNSHINE.

I LOVE the sunshine everywhere—
In wood, and field, and glen ;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it, when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered casement shade
Upon the red-brick floor.

I love it, where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots,
The gold-green beetle pass.

I love it, on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it, on the mountain-tops,
Where sleeps the thawless snow;
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

O yes, I love the sunshine!
Like kindness, or like mirth,
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth, upon the sea,
And through the crystal air,
Or piled-up clouds, the gracious sun
Is glorious everywhere.

MARY HOWITT.

COWSLIPS.

O! FRAGRANT dwellers of the lea,
When first the wild wood rings
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,
When fresh the green grass springs!

What can the blessed spring restore
More gladd'ning than your charms ?
Bringing the memory once more
Of lovely fields and farms !

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers ;
Of life's unfolding prime ;
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours ;
Of souls without a crime.

O blessed, blessed do ye seem,
For even now, I turned,
With soul athirst for wood and stream,
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care
His crowded fold doth pen ;
Where stagnates the polluted air
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here ! and are ye here ?
Drinking the dew like wine,
'Midst living gales and waters clear,
And heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life
Will quickly have run through,
And the sward with summer children rife
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,
I trust to see you rise,
When spring renews the wild wood strain,
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs
Upon my grave shall shine,
Here shall you speak of vanished things
To living hearts of mine.

MARY HOWITT.

SONG TO SPRING.

SPRING! spring! beautiful spring!
Hitherward cometh like hope on the wing—
Pleasantly looketh on streamlet and flood,
Raiseth a chorus of joy in the wood;
Toucheth the bud, and it bursts into bloom;
Biddeth the beautiful rise from the tomb;
Blosseth the heart like a heavenly thing!
Spring! spring! beautiful spring!

Song sweetly saluteth the morn;
The robin awaketh and sits on the thorn;
Timidly warbles while yet in the east,
Twilight from duty has not been released;
Calleth the lark that ascendeth on high,
Greeting the sun in the depth of the sky;
Telleth the talented blackbird to sing—
Welcome! O welcome! beautiful spring!

SWAIN.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

BURG NIEDECK is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;

Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if you seek for giants there, they are all dead and gone.
The giant's daughter once came forth the castle-gate before,
And played with all a child's delight, beside her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.
With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and the wood;
At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwelt, she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appeared a strange and curious scene.
And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.
"O, pretty plaything!" cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me;"
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse, and man, and plough, all gently on her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm:
She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar—

"O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,
I never saw so fair a one on all our mountain ground."

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And, smiling with a parent's smile, he asks the happy
child—

"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully
to me!

Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl; come, open, let us see."
She opes her kerchief carefully, and gladly, you may deem,
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his
team;

And when she'd placed before his sight the new-found
pretty toy,

She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for
very joy.

But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow
his head,

"What hast thou brought me home, my child! This is
no toy," he said;

"Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down below;
The peasant is no plaything, girl—how could'st thou
think him so!

So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said;

"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had
bread;

'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are,
The peasant is no plaything, child—no, God forbid he
were!"

RICHARDSON.

A D A R E.

O SWEET Adare! O lovely vale!
O soft retreat of sylvan splendour!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale,
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where lulled in Nature's fost'ring arms,
Soft peace abides and joy excelling!

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
Or linger o'er the silent lawn,
With odour of the harebell taken.
Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
And many a grove and glancing fountain.

In sweet Adare, the jocund spring
His notes of odorous joy is breathing,
The wild birds in the woodland sing,
The wild-flowers in the vale are breathing.
There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
Among the elms so sweetly flowing,
There, fragrant in the early year,
Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,
Or dives beneath the glistening billow,
Where graceful droop and clustering dank
The osier bright and rustling willow.

The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,
In thicket lone the stag is belling,
And sweet along the echoing vale
The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

GRIFFIN.

MORNING'S DAWN.

THERE is a soft and fragrant hour—
Sweet, fresh, reviving, is its power ;
'Tis when a ray
Steals from the veil of parting night,
And by its mild prelusive light,
Foretells the day.

'Tis when some ling'ring stars scarce shed
O'er the mist-clad mountain's head
Their fairy beam ;
Then one by one, retiring, shroud,
Dim glitt'ring through a fleecy cloud,
Their last faint gleam.

'Tis when, just waked from transient death
By some fresh zephyr's balmy breath,
The unfolding rose
Sheds on the air its rich perfume,
While every bud with deeper bloom
And beauty glows.

'Tis when fond nature, genial power !
Weeps o'er each drooping night-closed flower,
While softly fly

Those doubtful mists, that leave to view
Each glowing scene of various hue
That charms the eye.

'Tis when the restless child of sorrow,
Watching the wished-for rising morrow,
His couch foregoes,
And seeks, 'midst scenes so sweet, so mild,
To soothe those pangs so keen, so wild,
Of hopeless woes.

Nor day, nor night, this hour can claim ;
Nor moonlight ray, nor noontide beam,
Does it betray ;
But fresh, reviving, dewy, sweet,
It hastes the glowing hours to meet
Of rising day.

MORGAN.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

GAILY through the mountain glen
The hunter's horn did ring,
As the milk-white doe
Escaped his bow,
Down by the haunted spring.
In vain his silver horn he wound,—
'Twas echo answered back ;
For neither groom nor baying hound
Were on the hunter's track ;
In vain he sought the milk-white doe
That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,

For, save himself, no living thing
Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
Their fragrance round did fling,
As the hunter lay,
At close of day,
Down by the haunted spring.
A lady fair, in robe of white,
To greet the hunter came.
She kissed a cup with jewels bright,
And pledged him by his name.
"O lady fair," the hunter cried,
"Be thou my love, my blooming bride,—
A bride that well might grace a king!
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stooped,
And forth she drew a ring;
And that loved knight
His faith did plight,
Down by the haunted spring.
But since that day his chase did stray,
The hunter ne'er was seen,
And legends tell, he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.
But still the milk-white doe appears,
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely haunted spring.

LOVER.

DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTH FORETOLD.

LUCIFER. 'Tis earth shall lead destruction; she shall end.
The stars shall wonder why she comes no more
On her accustomed orbit, and the sun
Miss one of his apostle lights; the moon,
An orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye,
Through time's untrodden depths, and find her not;
No more shall morn, out of the holy east,
Stream o'er the amber air her level light;
Nor evening, with her spectral fingers, draw
Her star-sprent curtain round the head of earth:
Her footsteps never thence again shall grace
The blue sublime of Heaven. Her grave is dug.
I see the stars, night-clad, all gathering
In long and sad procession. Death's at work.
And, one by one, shall all yon wandering worlds,
Whether in orb'd path they roll, or trail,
In an inestimable length of light,
Their golden train of tresses after them,
Cease; and the sun, centre and sire of light,
The keystone of the world-built arch of Heaven,
Be left in burning solitude. The stars,
Which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields
Of Heaven, and all they comprehend, shall pass.
The spirits of all worlds shall all depart
To their great destinies; and thou and I,
Greater in grief than worlds, shall live as now.
In hell's dark annals there is something writ,
Which shall amaze man yet. There! to thy earth!

ANGEL OF EARTH. There is a blind world, yet unlit by
Rolling around the extremest edge of light; [God,

Where all things are disaster and decay,
The outcast of all being ; no one thing
Fitting another : that is fit for thee.
Be that thy world, but not the living earth.
Stretch forth Thy shining shield, O God ! the Heavens,
Over the prostrate earth, an armed friend,
And save her from the swift and violent hell
Her beauty hath enchanted ! from the wrath
Of love like his, O save her, though by death !

God. Destruction and salvation are the hands
Upon the face of time. When both unite,
The day of death dawns. Every orb exists
Unto its preappointed end : and earth,
My creature, the elect of worlds, ere all
Is saved. The world shall perish as a worm
Upon destruction's path ; the universe
Evanish like a ghost before the sun,
Yea, like a doubt before the truth of God ;
Yet nothing more than death shall perish. Then
Rejoice, ye souls of God regenerate,
Ye indwellers divine of Deity ;
In Him ye are immortal as Himself.

BAILEY.

H E A V E N .

Is Heaven a place where pearly streams
Glide over silver sand,
Like childhood's rosy dazzling dreams
Of some far faery land !
Is Heaven a clime where diamond dew
Glitter on fadeless flowers !

And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bowers!

Ah no! not such, not such is Heaven!
Surpassing far all these;
Such cannot be the guerdon given
Man's wearied soul to please.
For saint and sinner here below
Such vain to be have proved:
And the pure spirit will despise
Whate'er the sense hath loved.

There we shall dwell with Sire and Son,
And with the mother-maid,
And with the Holy Spirit, one:
In glory like arrayed;
And not to one created thing
Shall our embrace be given;
But all our joy shall be in God,
For only God is Heaven.

BAILEY.

PRAYER FOR THE PEOPLE.

GRANT us, O God! that in Thy holy love
The universal people of the world
May grow more great and happy every day,
Mightier, wiser, humbler, too, towards Thee;
And that all ranks, all classes, callings, states
Of life, so far as such seem right to Thee,
May mingle into one, like sister trees,
And so in one stem flourish;—that all laws

And powers of government be based and used
In good and for the people's sake ;—that each
May feel himself of consequence to all,
And act as though all saw him ;—that the whole
The mass of every nation may so do
As is most worthy of the next to God ;
For a whole people's souls, each one worth more
Than a mere world of matter, make combined,
A something godlike—something like to Thee.
We pray Thee for the welfare of all men.
Let monarchs who love truth and freedom feel
The happiness of safety and respect
From those they rule, and guardianship from Thee.
Let them remember they are set on thrones
As representatives, not substitutes
Of nations, to implead with God and man.
Let tyrants who hate truth, or fear the free,
Know that to rule in slavery and error,
For the mere ends of personal pomp and power,
Is such a sin as doth deserve a hell
To itself sole. Let both remember, Lord !
They are but things like-natured with all nations ;
That mountains issue out of plains, and not
Plains out of mountains, and so likewise kings
Are of the people, not the people of kings.
And let all feel, the rulers and the ruled,
All classes and all countries, that the world
Is Thy great halidom ; that Thou art King,
Lord ! only owner and possessor. Grant
That nations may now see, it is not kings,
Nor priests, they need fear so much as themselves ;
That if they keep but true to themselves, and free,
Sober, enlightened, godly—mortal men

Become impassible as air, one great
And indestructible substance as the sea.
Let all on thrones and judgment-seats reflect
How dreadful Thy revenge through nations is
On those who wrong them ; but do Thou grant, Lord !
That when wrongs are to be redressed, such may
Be done with mildness, speed, and firmness, not
With violence or hate, whereby one wrong
Translates another—both to Thee abhorrent.
The bells of time are ringing changes fast.
Grant, Lord ! that each fresh peal may usher in
An era of advancement, that each change
Prove an effectual, lasting, happy gain.

Grant us, All-maintaining Sire !

That all the great mechanic aids to toil
Man's skill hath formed, found, rendered—whether used
In multiplying works of mind, or aught
To obviate the thousand wants of life—
May much avail to human welfare now
And in all ages henceforth and for ever.
Let their effect be, Lord ! to lighten labour,
And give more room to mind, and leave the poor
Some time for self-improvement. Let them not
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms
For bread, but have some space to think and feel
Like mortal and immortal creatures. God !
Have mercy on them till such time shall come ;
Look Thou with pity on all lesser crimes,
Thrust on men almost when devoured by want,
Wretchedness, ignorance, and outcast life !
Have mercy on the rich, too, who pass by
The means they have at hand to fill their minds
With serviceable knowledge for themselves,

And fellows, and support not the good cause
Of the world's better future ! Oh, reward
All such who do, with peace of heart and power
For greater good. Have mercy, Lord ! on each
And all, for all men need it equally.
May peace, and industry, and commerce, weld
Into one land all nations of the world,
Rewedding those the Deluge once divorced.
Oh ! may all help each other in good things,
Mentally, morally, and bodily.
Vouchsafe, kind God ! Thy blessing to this isle,
Specially. May our country ever lead
The world, for she is worthiest ; and may all
Profit by her example, and adopt
Her course, wherever great, or free, or just.
May all her subject colonies and powers
Have of her freedom freely, as a child
Receiveth of its parents. Let not rights
Be wrested from us to our own reproach,
But granted. We may make the whole world free,
And be as free ourselves as ever, more !
If policy or self-defence call forth
Our forces to the field, let us in Thee
Place, first, our trust, and in Thy name we shall
O'ercome, for we will only wage the right.
Let us not conquer nations for ourselves,
But for Thee, Lord ! who hast predestined us
To fight the battles of the future now,
And so have done with war before Thou comest.
Till then, Lord God of armies, let our foes
Have their swords broken and their cannon burst,
And their strong cities levelled ; and while we
War faithfully and righteously, improve,

Civilize, Christianize, the lands we win
From savage or from nature, Thou, O God!
Wilt aid and hallow conquest, as of old,
Thine own immediate nation's.
Settle in peace and swell the gathering hosts
Of the great Prince of Peace. Oh! may the hour
Soon come when all false gods, false creeds, false prophets,
Allowed in Thy good purpose for a time,
Demolished, the great world shall be at last
The mercy-seat of God, the heritage
Of Christ, and the possession of the Spirit,
The comforter, the wisdom! shall all be
One land, one home, one friend, one faith, one law,
Its ruler God, its practice righteousness,
Its life peace! For the one true faith we pray;
There is but one in Heaven, and there shall be
But one on earth, the same which is in Heaven.
Prophecy is more true than history.
Grant us our prayers, we pray, Lord! in the name
And for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ,
Our Saviour and Redeemer, who with Thee,
And with the Holy Spirit, reigneth God
Over all worlds, one blessed Trinity.

BAILEY.

THE WINE CUP.

WELL might the thoughtful race of old
With ivy twine the head
Of him they hailed their god of wine—
Thank God! the lie is dead;

For ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay ;
And spreads its dark deceitful pall
To hide what wastes away.

And wine will circle round the brain
As ivy o'er the brow,
Till what could once see far as stars
Is dark as Death's eye now.

Then dash the cup down ! 'tis not worth
A soul's great sacrifice ;
The wine will sink into the earth,
The soul, the soul—must rise.

BAILEY.

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet south-west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends the gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

O autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad ;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad.

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest,
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray ;
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life.
And waste its little hour.

BRYANT.

SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath ;

And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung :

Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie :
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light,
For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play !
Away ! on our joyous path away !

BRYANT.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view !
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing ! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife !
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare !

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes :
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys ;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !
“ Live for to-day ; to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless.”

KEBLE.

EVENING HYMN.

'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze :
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness,
The traveller on his way must press ;
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whistling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below,
My searching rapture's glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;

Or, by the light thy words disclose,
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense ;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life untold ;—
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

B E E S.

Ye musical hounds of the fairy king,
Who hunt for the golden dew,
Who track for your game the green coverts of spring,
Till the echoes, that lurk in the flower-bells, ring
With the peal of your elfin crew!

How joyous your life, if its pleasures ye knew,
Singing ever from bloom to bloom !
Ye wander the summer year's paradise through,
The souls of the flowers are the viands for you,
And the air that you breathe, perfume.

But unenvied your joys, while the richest you miss,
And before you no brighter life lies :
Who would part with his cares for enjoyment like this,
When the tears that embitter the pure spirit's bliss
May be pearls in the crown of the skies !

ANONYMOUS.

MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

THE foot of music is on the waters,
Hark ! how fairly, sweetly it treads,
As in the dance of Orestes' daughters,
Now it advances, and now recedes.

Now it lingers among the billows,
Where some one, fonder than the rest,
Clasps the rover in passing, and pillows
Her softly upon its heaving breast.

Oft she flies, and her steps, though light,
Make the green waves all tremble beneath her,
Now the quick ear cannot follow her flight,
And the flood is unstirred as the calm blue ether.

ANONYMOUS.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers, that dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooling willows;

Where in laughing and in sobbing,
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May.
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
 Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings—
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away;
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!

ANONYMOUS.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

TWAS eve. The length'ning shadows of the oak
 And weeping birch, swept far adown the vale;
 And nought upon the hush and stillness broke,
 Save the light whisp'ring of the spring-tide gale
 At distance dying; and the measured stroke
 Of woodmen at their toil; the feeble wail
 Of some lone stock-dove, soothing, as it sank
 On the lulled ear, its melody that drank.

The sun had set; but his expiring beams
 Yet lingered in the west, and shed around
 Beauty and softness o'er the wood and streams,
 With coming night's first tinge of shade imbrowned.
 The light clouds mingled, brightened with such gleams
 Of glory as the seraph-shapes surround,

That in the vision of the good descend,
And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.

'Tis thus in solitude ; but sweeter far,
By those we love, in that all-soft'ning hour,
To watch with mutual eyes each coming star,
And the faint moon-rays streaming through our bower
Of foliage, wreathed and trembling, as the car
Of night rolls duskier onward, and each flower
And shrub that droops above us, on the sense
Seems dropping fragrance more and more intense.

ANONYMOUS.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HAVE NOT SEEN,
AND YET HAVE BELIEVED.”

We saw thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth ;
Nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
And waken them to second birth ;
Yet we believe that Thou *didst* come,
And quit for us thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few,
Who stood thy bitter cross around ;
Nor heard thy prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground.
We saw no spear-wound pierce thy side,
But we believe that Thou *hast* died.

No angel's message met our ear,
On that first glorious Easter day ;

"The Lord is risen. He is not here ;
"Come see the place where Jesus lay."
But we believe that Thou *didst* quell
The banded powers of death and hell.

We saw Thee not return on high ;
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness ;
But we believe that Thou *art* there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

ANONYMOUS.

P R A Y E R.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the day declineth,
Go in the hush of night.
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way;
 Even then the silent breathing
 Of thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Who is mercy, truth, and love!

Oh, not a joy or blessing
 With *this* can we compare,
 The power that he hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer!
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall,
 And remember in thy gladness,
 His grace who gives thee all.

ANONYMOUS

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf,
 A voice in every rill—
 A voice that speaketh everywhere,
 In flood and fire, through earth and air!
 A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
 Through everything we see,
 That with our spirits communneth
 Of things mysterious—life and death,
 Time and eternity!

I see him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud;
I hear him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar
When winds are raging loud.

I feel him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

I see him, hear him, everywhere,
In all things—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall
In the silent hour of night.

ANONYMOUS.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT!

SAY, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?—

The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be.

But, watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,

And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine!—

That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet.—

But, watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed!—

That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more!

ANONYMOUS.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's Anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat
now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the
forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the wind-
lass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
heaves below,

And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright; the high sun
shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful
show,

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid
row

Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before
the foe.

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing
monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, bang
the sledges go;

Hurrah; the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders
strow

The ground around; at every bound the sweltering
fountains flow;

And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke,
pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lea, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the
board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at
the chains,
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch
sky-high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing,
here am I!"
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime;
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the bur-
den be,
"The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we."
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling
red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon
be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
here,
For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sigh-
ing seaman's cheer;
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love
and home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat was
cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like
me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep
green sea !
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as
thou !
The hoary monster's palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere
now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails !
Then deep in tangled woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory
horn ;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to
scorn ;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Nor-
wegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles ;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy
lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can
equal thine !
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable
line ;

And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
play.

But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave,
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
stand

Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
piping band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about
thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their
ancient friend—

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger
steps round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap
within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant
strand,

To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard
grave

So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—

Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly
sung,

Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes
among!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE SLEEPER.

BABY mine—thou sleepest
In thy long white shroud,
While thy mother keepest
Watch the while, and weepest
Low awhile, till memories crowd,
And her grief will cry aloud ;
Yet thou stirrest ne'er the more,
Still thou sleepest as before.

Thy father, he returneth,
My babe, what shall I say ?
Look up ! thy father mourneth
His absence, while he burneth
To sport him in thine infant play.
Wake, baby mine ; this voiceless clay
I cannot offer him for thee,
The babe he left so full of glee !

“ Where hast thou laid my darling one,
My beautiful ! ” he'll cry,
“ Where hath our gentle angel gone ! ”
How can I see him thus, alone !
I dare not meet thy father's eye ;
O death ! I loved too trustfully !
O life ! I knew not of love's store,
I thought not I could love thee more !

Wake up ! this is not death !
Thou wert so full of glee,
I cannot think, for all it saith,
Such love can hang upon a breath :

Thou art too beautiful to be
By ruthless spoiler snatched from me !
Thy father cometh ! wake, my child !
Look as when last on him thou smiled.

Vain, vain deceit of grief !
Thou wilt no more revive ;
Vain show of unbelief,
Vain hope, too blind and brief !
Come, my beloved, look our last,
The bitterness of death is past ;
Thou wak'st again no more to me,
But I, my babe, shall wake with thee.

ANONYMOUS.

PART II.—POETS OF THE RESTORATION.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WE have placed at the head of the Modern School of Poets, Cowper and Burns, two extremely different writers, yet both of whom have exercised an influence on modern poetry such as can be ascribed to no other poets of recent times. Each of them struck out an entirely new path for himself, abandoning the formal and extremely artificial school of their own age, not in obedience to any purposed change, but by a fine poetical instinct, and the dictates of a vigorous originality of genius which admitted of no other model but nature. Such distinctions are better fitted for regulating a systematic classification of the British poets than any mere chronological subdivision into centuries. That was essentially the beginning of a new era, and, consequently, the close of the one which had preceded it. To this latter we have now to direct our attention. The poets belonging to it may be fitly enough designated the Poets of the Restoration, though including the entire school down to the middle of the eighteenth century, because the whole of them were more or less affected by that artificial and courtly style of thought and expression introduced by the wits of the Court of Charles II., and which was only finally superseded by a higher

influence, when the strong natural genius of Burns, and the vigorous and finely toned satire of Cowper, returned the British poets directly to nature as their school. The poets of the seventeenth century and of the earlier part of the eighteenth century, though including men of great genius, form a far inferior class to those of the Elizabethan era, whom they succeeded, and cannot, we conceive, be compared to their successors, who compose our modern school. Poetry was with nearly all of them an art, in which they aimed far more at displaying the ingenuity of the artificer than the inspired reflections of nature as mirrored in the poet's own soul; and in this they were so far true to the vocation of the poet, who is not only the teacher of his age, but the reflex of its spirit, and the impersonater of its thoughts:

"Who clothes the spiritual in visible sense."

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

BORN, 1615; DIED, 1668.

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin, where his father, an English lawyer of good family, then filled the office of Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer. Two years after the birth of the poet, his father was transferred to a more lucrative legal post in England, and removed with his family to London, where the early years of Denham were spent, till he entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, in 1631. From thence he removed, as a student of the law, to Lincoln's Inn, London. The reputation acquired by the poet, as the fruits of his study, is only too characteristic of the age. He was esteemed "as

a charming young man, given more to dice and cards than to study;" and the truth of the latter estimate was sufficiently established by his squandering the greater part of the fortune he acquired on his father's death in gambling.

Denham was a favourite at the Court of Charles I., and was appointed by him, first to the office of Sheriff of the county of Surrey, and afterwards to that of Governor of Farnham Castle. Destitute, however, as he was of any skill in military affairs, he was little fitted to command one of the royal strongholds at so important a period, and he soon resigned the post and joined the court at Oxford. He had already won some distinction by the publication of a tragedy entitled the "Sophy," in 1641, and two years after, "Cooper's Hill," the most popular of all his poems, appeared. It is a descriptive poem, interspersed with such reflections as the commanding view from Cooper's Hill suggested, with the river Thames, the field of Runnymede, Windsor Forest, and other historic scenes visible. Both Dryden and Johnson have selected for special commendation the following lines allusive to the Thames, which, both in their faults and their beauties, are strikingly characteristic of the artificial style of the age to which they belong:—

"Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Denham shared in the fortunes of his royal master. During the exile of Charles II. he formed one of his mock court, and is described under the high-sounding title of Ambassador to the King of Poland. At the Restoration, he was rewarded with the office of surveyor of public

buildings, which he was probably as incapacitated for as for his governorship of Farnham Castle. His marriage was unfortunate, and his latter days embittered by the fruits of an uncongenial union. He died in March 1668, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Denham scarcely merits, as a poet, so prominent a place as his chance position among the eldest born of his class gives him here. With all his merits, indeed, it may be questioned of him, as of not a few others of the noted poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, if poems of no greater merit than theirs would even command a hearing amid the higher rank of poets of the present day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

BORN, 1618; DIED, 1667.

COWLEY was the son of a city grocer, born in Fleet Street, London, and owed his education to his mother's success in obtaining him admission as a king's scholar at Westminster. He himself informs us, that his poetical taste was formed by his delighted perusal of Spenser when a boy. He cannot, however, be considered to have made the great Elizabethan poet his model. His verse is characterized by the intricate elaboration, and the sparkling wit, which formed the chief sources of admiration at the court of the Charleses. Like the other poets of his day, he bore his share in the troubles of the period; forsook Cambridge for St. John's College, Oxford, as more suited to a royalist student; and spent ten years in exile, employed in confidential services on behalf of the royal family. On returning to England in 1656, he was arrested

as a spy, but he was able to find satisfactory security for his neutrality, and practised his profession as a physician, without farther molestation, till the death of Cromwell. Cowley was distinguished, among the writers of a licentious age, for purity and elevated religious feeling, and this, perhaps, helped to render him suspected at the court of Charles II. A false charge of disloyalty was made the excuse for refusing him an appointment long promised to him, but he at length obtained, through the influence of friends, the gift of a lease which produced about £300 a year to him for life. Like many other literary men, his leisure years were nearly unproductive, and all his best works are traceable to the period when he was struggling with fortune, and had to snatch his moments of leisure from engrossing pursuits. His poetry was highly estimated in his own day, though it is now little read, and on his death a grave was found for him among the noble and illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BORN, 1621; DIED, 1695.

THE sterling worth of Henry Vaughan as a poet, may be considered to be established by the fact that his poems have been republished in our own day, and have been received with commendations not often yielded by modern critics to writers of his age. Vaughan was a native of Brecknockshire, in Wales, from whence he passed to Jesus College, Oxford, when seventeen years of age. He was then sent by his father to London, and entered at the inns of court as a student of law. But the poetical mind

of Vaughan found little to suit its sympathies in the dry study of law, and he accordingly betook himself to medicine. After obtaining the requisite knowledge for his new profession, he withdrew to his native place, Newton, on the banks of the river Esk, Brecknockshire, where he is believed to have passed a tranquil and happy life in the successful practice of his profession, and the cultivation of his favourite studies. He named himself, and was styled by his contemporaries, "The Silurist," from his birthplace being within the region of the old Silures, a name since rendered more familiar by its adoption into the nomenclature of modern geology. He continued to reside in the vicinity of his native place until his death, on the 29th of April 1695; and his remains lie interred in a rural churchyard, about two miles distant from Brecknock.

JOHN DRYDEN.

BORN, 1681; DIED, 1700.

AMONG the most illustrious names which grace the literature of England in the seventeenth century, that of Dryden occupies a prominent place; and amid all the changes of taste and public opinion, such is the force of true genius, that not only his noble St. Cecilia's Ode, and other poems of general interest, retain their popularity, but even his political satires, though they have long since lost all the satirical pungency derived from the party feeling of his day, still command our favour by their poetical vigour and beauty. Dryden's father was a man of ancient family, and possessed a small estate in Northamptonshire, which had descended to him from an honourable ancestry.

Like many others of the smaller proprietors, his sympathies appear to have been in favour of the Puritan party, in the struggle with Charles I., and he officiated as a magistrate during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. We thus learn what was the early bent given to the poet's mind, and which was manifested in the first production of his muse. John Dryden received a liberal education from his father. At an early period he was placed at Westminster School, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, and from thence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of Master of Arts, and obtained a fellowship. On the death of his father in 1654, Dryden succeeded to the paternal property, and removed to London, where he allied himself to the party then in power, and afterwards gave full proof of his sincerity, by the production of his "Heroic Stanzas," the first real evidence of his poetic genius, devoted to the commemoration of Cromwell's death.

Unhappily the age in which Dryden lived was one specially characterized by unprincipled political tergiversation, and a low standard of religious or moral principle in public men. In these respects, no less than in the true qualities of poetry, the productions of Dryden's muse most vividly reflect the spirit of the age. On the restoration of Charles II., Dryden hastened, with unblushing meanness—which strangely contrasts with the upright independence of Milton on the same occasion—to conform his views to the party in the ascendant. The "*Astræ Redux*," a congratulatory poem on the glorious restoration, was followed by a "Panegyric on the Coronation," and thenceforward, many of the finest evidences of Dryden's poetical genius afford no less manifest evidence of his political servility. His moral servility is a still greater

stain on the poet's fame. In 1661, he made his first attempt as a dramatic writer, and he afterwards wrote a number of tragedies and comedies; but though they contain passages of vigour and beauty not unworthy of their author's great genius, they are as a whole inferior, while their licentious character, and the frequent grossness of their language, present the painful exhibition of a gifted poet prostituting the powers of his poetic talents to the corruption of his age. It does not detract from the baseness of such a perversion of genius, that the poet's dramatic writings produced a liberal revenue, and secured for him the patronage of the Crown, and the appointment to the joint offices of poet-laureat and historiographer-royal, which yielded him an annual salary of £200.

In 1681, Dryden wrote his celebrated political satire of "Absalom and Achitophel," in which, under the guise of Scripture characters, the Duke of Monmouth, Earl Shaftesbury, and other leading personages obnoxious to the court, were satirised with equal wit and severity. The success of this bold political satire was such as has been rarely, if ever equalled; and the author followed it up by others, in which he gratified no less his personal feelings than the political predilections of the court party with which he was allied. These compositions, possessing in their subject no greater elements of enduring interest than a modern newspaper paragraph, have commanded an enduring interest by the singular vigour and beauty which their author threw into his numbers. As a political partisan, all his keenest feelings were enlisted in the subject, while the description of characters, which this species of poetic composition required, was entirely suited to the cast of his mind, though he failed so greatly in embodying them in the form demanded by the drama.

The character of his sonorous and powerful versification is thus happily described by Pope :—

“ Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.”

The remaining incidents of Dryden's life are not such as his admirers can dwell on with pleasure. In 1665, he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, an alliance which gave him the prized attractions of rank, but added neither to his worldly means nor his personal happiness. On the death of Charles II., Dryden followed up his political compliance of an earlier date, by a change of religion suited to the opinions of his successor. It has, indeed, been attempted to be shown by some of his biographers, that this adoption of the Roman Catholic faith was a sincere conversion; but it cannot be overlooked that one of its first fruits was an addition of £100 a-year to his pension, and that in making such a change, he was only following the example of some of the basest time-servers of a mean age. The most interesting result of this conversion was the production of his poem of the “Hind and Panther,” a controversial poem, in which the Hind represents the Church of Rome, and the Panther the Church of England, while the Independents, Quakers, and other sects, are coarsely caricatured as bears, boars, hares, &c. This was followed by a congratulatory poem on the birth of the unfortunate son of James II., which he celebrated as an auspicious event, destined to perpetuate the security, and advance the glory of church and state. The Revolution, which followed only a few months after, sufficed to show how little of the prophetic prescience of ancient bards pertained to the time-serving poet-laureat. The changes which followed deprived him

of his pension, and compelled him to devote the remaining years of his life to the production of some of his finest original compositions, as well as to his numerous translations from the Greek, Roman, Italian, and old English poets. To the great intellectual powers displayed in many of these later productions, Dryden owes much of his well-earned fame, while they procured him at the time very liberal remuneration. His health, however, gave way under unremitting literary toil, and his closing years were embittered alike by pecuniary difficulties and the rancour of literary feuds, such as the satirist rarely fails to provoke. He died on the 1st of May 1700, in an obscure lodging in Gerard Street, London. But his great genius was not wholly unappreciated, though his latter years were thus clouded by neglect and misfortune. He was honoured by a public funeral, and his remains were laid in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer, where a monument was erected by the Duke of Buckingham, graced with the simplest and most emphatic of all inscriptions—the single word, “Dryden.” He was a great genius cast on a mean age, which he had not the self-sacrificing courage to attempt to teach by his muse, and he is most aptly compared by Scott to the degraded and blind champion of the Israelites amid the Philistines, set to make sport for them by “a ribald king and court.” The shame, however, was not less that of the servile poet than of the ribald court.

THOMAS KEN.

BORN 1637; DIED 1711.

THE name of Bishop Ken takes, with propriety, a place among those of the poets of the seventeenth century, since his beautiful Morning and Evening Hymns still occupy a just prominence among the most favourite hymns employed in Christian worship. His character is, in every sense, a pleasing one, and presents a gratifying contrast to that which most frequently occupies the attention of the biographer of poets of the period. Thomas Ken, the son of a London solicitor, residing at Furnival's Inn, received his education at Winchester School, and New College, Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of Winchester College in 1661. After occupying various appointments in the church, he was selected, in 1679, as chaplain to the Princess of Orange; but having given some offence to the Prince, afterwards William III., he resigned his post, and accompanied Lord Dartmouth as his chaplain, when that nobleman was despatched by the English government to destroy the fortifications of Tangiers. On his return to England, he was promoted to the office of royal chaplain; and the last appointment made by Charles II., immediately before his death, was the promotion of Ken to the bishopric of Bath and Wells. This appointment was confirmed by James II., and he is universally acknowledged to have adorned the episcopal office, by the same purity and consistency of conduct which had compelled the respect even of the dissolute Court of Charles II. His charities also were expended with equal liberality and prudence; and his consistent integrity may be inferred from the fact that he was per-

secuted in turn by each party. He was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower by James II., for opposing the reading of the "Declaration of Indulgence;" and yet, remaining firm in his fidelity to that monarch, he was ejected from his bishopric for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to William III. He ultimately received from the government a pension of £200 a-year, and having accepted an invitation to reside with the Thyme family, in Wiltshire, he died there, in 1711, and was interred in the churchyard of Frome.

MATTHEW PRIOR,

BORN, 1664; DIED, 1721.

THE poet Prior was of humble origin, and early left an orphan, so that the place of his birth has been matter of dispute. He owed his career in after life to the kindness of his uncle, who kept the Rummer Tavern, near Charing Cross, London. By him, the boy was placed under the care of Dr. Busby, at Westminster School, where he early showed a love for classical literature. Notwithstanding this early proficiency, however, he returned to the Rummer Tavern, to assist his uncle in the humble office of a tapster, and it was while still engaged in such duties that the attention of the Earl of Dorset was attracted to the boy, by observing him reading Horace with manifest interest. Further investigation satisfied this nobleman of the talents and strong intellectual tastes of his protegee, and he accordingly sent him, in 1682, to St. John's College, Cambridge, where, in due time, he obtained a fellowship. There he formed an intimacy with Charles

Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and, in conjunction with him, wrote, in 1688, his celebrated poem, "The Country and City Mouse," a satirical parody on Dryden's polemical "Hind and Panther," which has attained to far more general and lasting popularity than its prototype. Under favour of his early patron, Prior was introduced at court, and obtained from William III. the important post of secretary to the English plenipotentiaries to the Hague. He subsequently filled various offices of trust, and at length was sent as ambassador to the court of France. In 1701, he was elected a member of the House of Commons, and was made under-secretary of state. Under Queen Anne, he was again sent as ambassador to France, and remained there till 1713. On his return, a change of parties involved him in difficulties, and he remained for two years in custody, on a charge of high treason, apparently without any just grounds, as he was liberated at last without a trial. During this tedious confinement, he wrote his poem of "Alma," and published by subscription his collected poems. The profits amounted to four thousand guineas, and the Earl of Oxford liberally presented the poet with double the amount. This sum relieved Prior from all pecuniary difficulties consequent on his exclusion from court favour and patronage; and on his death, in 1721, he bequeathed a sum of five hundred pounds, which was expended, in accordance with his will, in erecting a monument over his remains in Westminster Abbey.

Prior, though by no means invariably strictly delicate, is pure, compared with the writers of the same school, of equal merit in other respects. His poems are characterized by correctness, humour, and vivacity; but while they are free from the grosser faults of many contemporary

writings, they are nearly as deficient as any of them in earnest or lofty purpose; nor are they without the traces of labour which detract from the value of so much of the polished wit of his age. Still, he exhibits, with peculiar vigour, the powers of graceful and fluent versification; and, as a satirist, he is witty and pungent, without betraying personal bitterness or rancour. One of his critics has happily summed up the character of his writings, by pronouncing him "the most natural of artificial poets."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

BORN, 1667; DIED, 1745.

SWIFT, the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, was born on the 30th of November 1667, at Dublin, where his mother had removed to the house of Godwin Swift, her brother-in-law, on her husband's death. After passing his early childhood in England, young Swift was placed at a school in Kilkenny, from whence he proceeded, at the age of fifteen, to Trinity College, Dublin. Like many other men of genius, Swift appears to have rebelled against the formal routine of scholastic education; and, having neglected logic and mathematics for his favourite studies of history and poetry, he was refused his degree of Bachelor of Arts at the end of the usual term of study, fully as much, probably, on account of his frequent irregularities and notorious violations of college discipline, as for his deficiencies in the requisite amount of knowledge.

In 1688, Swift found himself once more cast on the world, in consequence of the death of his uncle, Godwin, in embarrassed circumstances. By his mother's advice, he

paid a visit to Sir William Temple, with whom she was distantly connected by marriage, and received from him a very kind reception. He resided for upwards of two years at Moor Park, Surrey, in the house of his patron, and, while there, had various opportunities of meeting with King William III., who, on one occasion, offered him a captaincy of horse. This, however, he declined, having resolved to enter the church; and, with this object in view, he entered Oxford University, and received his degree of Master of Arts there in 1692. Having taken orders in the church, he received, through the recommendation of Sir William Temple to Lord Capel, the prebendary of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor; but as its emoluments did not exceed one hundred pounds a year, he accepted the invitation of Sir William Temple to return to Moor Park, and lived with him there till his death in 1699, when he obtained, by his patron's will, a legacy of one hundred pounds, along with all his valuable manuscripts.

Swift obtained various preferments, and at length procured, through his political friends, in 1713, the Irish deanery of St. Patrick's. His secret ambition, however, was an English bishopric, but this he was precluded from by the character of his writings, which, however witty, are equally loose in sentiment, and coarse in language. In 1704 he published the "Tale of a Tub," to which was appended his "Battle of the Books," both of them, like too many of his singularly able writings, more creditable to his reputation for wit and irony than to his position as a divine; and the same must be said of his famous "Gulliver's Travels," which appeared in 1726. In the interval between these publications, his "Bickerstaff" and "Drapier Letters," as well as many political writings,

appeared, some of which secured for him a popularity in Ireland which continued to be cherished, with all the native ardour, long after his death. His life presents many strange anomalies to a biographer, not the least singular of which are his friendships with the different ladies celebrated by him under the fanciful names of Stella, Varina, and Vanessa. It is deeply to be regretted that Swift did not avail himself of the interest of his early patron, to secure him a position more suited to his singularly powerful but erratic genius, than the church, which forced him into a situation for the duties of which he was unfitted, and which neither his life nor writings were calculated to adorn. The faculties of his mind decayed in his latter years, and the fate which he had long dreaded at length overtook him. His reason almost totally gave way early in 1742; and he died in this condition in 1745, at the advanced age of seventy-eight; having, with a singular anticipation of his own fate, bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about twelve thousand pounds, to an hospital for lunatics.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BORN, 1672; DIED, 1719.

ADDISON contrasts in every respect with the subject of the previous biography; his fame rests no less on the moral purity, than on the grace, elegance, and wit of his writings. His poetry, however, is for the most part cold, polished, and artificial; and his permanent reputation now depends chiefly on his prose contributions to the periodical literature of his day. He was the son of the Rev. Launcelot

Addison, dean of Litchfield, and made the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele, with whom he was afterwards associated in the "Tatler" and "Spectator," when they were both pupils at the Charter House, London. From that school he proceeded, at the age of fifteen, to Queen's College, Oxford. Two years afterwards, he removed to Magdalene College, where he resided for ten years, and acquired great distinction as a scholar. Under the patronage of Lord Halifax, he succeeded to various offices of considerable emolument, and after entering Parliament in 1708, he successfully filled the offices of Under-Secretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State. In 1713, his celebrated tragedy of "Cato" was brought out, and met with a triumphant reception. It had been projected in early life, and bears abundant traces of the fastidious care with which it was elaborated. On this dramatic work Addison's fame as a poet chiefly rests, and some of its best passages, such as that on the immortality of the soul, still retain their place in many popular collections. In 1716, he married the Countess of Warwick, by whom he had one daughter, who died unmarried. His death took place at Holland House, on the 17th June 1719, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

ISAAC WATTS.

BORN, 1674; DIED, 1748.

Among the contributors to English sacred poetry, none have commanded a wider popularity than Isaac Watts. He was a pious and learned dissenting minister, the son of a schoolmaster at Southampton, where he was born, the

eldest of nine children. He early showed a strong love for learning, and a considerable turn for versification. His education was finished at a dissenting academy in London, and from thence he proceeded to the house of Sir John Hastopp, at Stoke Newington, where he resided for five years, with great comfort, as tutor to Sir John's son. In 1698, he had completed his preparatory studies, and preached his first sermon, and in 1702 he became the minister of an Independent church in London, on the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Chauneŷ from the pastoral charge. But failing health speedily compelled Watts to resign his charge, and having originally accepted an invitation only for a single week, the remainder of his days, including the long period of thirty-eight years, was passed in the family of Sir Thomas Abney, free from cares, and in the full enjoyment of whatever could contribute to the happiness of one singularly free alike from worldly desires and keen literary ambition. His remains were interred, at his own request, in the burial-ground of Bunhill-fields, London, where a monument was erected to his memory at the joint expense of his pupil, Sir John Hastopp, and of his kind hostess, Lady Abney. Dr. Watts' "Divine Songs for Children," have been justly characterized as "the most perfect examples in our language of the achievement of a writer's purpose." They are simple without weakness, and most happily adapt intelligent reasoning to the capacity of a child.

EDWARD YOUNG.

BORN, 1681; DIED, 1765.

THE celebrated author of the "Night Thoughts" was born at the rectory of Upham, Hampshire, the living of his father, Dr. Edward Young. He received his early education at Winchester College, from which he proceeded to New College, Oxford, where he obtained a law-fellowship in 1708, and took the degree of doctor of civil laws in 1719. His intention had hitherto been to follow the legal profession, but after devoting some years chiefly to the composition of his earlier and least valued poems, which procured him the profitable notice of titled patrons, he took an active part in public life, and tried to obtain a seat in Parliament. In this however, he failed, and at length returning to an inclination of his earlier years, he took orders in his fiftieth year, and soon after obtained a living in Herts, along with a chaplaincy to George II. In 1731, Dr. Young married Lady Elizabeth Lee, the daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, by whom he had a son, who afterwards occasioned him much sorrow by his profligate conduct.

The characteristics of Young's chief poem, the "Night Thoughts," are gloom and austerity, and his conduct to his son, whom he refused to see even on his deathbed, is fully consistent with this. His later life as a clergyman appears to have been consistent and exemplary; but the spirit of adulation to the great, and of courtly sycophancy to all whom favour or patronage could be hoped from, never forsook him; and it must be owned that there is a meanness apparent in the few most characteristic traits of his character which have been preserved by his

biographers, little calculated to elevate him personally in the estimation of the most zealous admirers of his poems.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

BORN, 1686; DIED, 1758.

A PECULIAR interest hangs around the names both of Allan Ramsay and of Robert Ferguson, as the two precursors of Robert Burns. Ramsay, the author of the fine, simple, pastoral drama, "The Gentle Shepherd," was the son of a labourer in the mines of Lord Hopetoun, at Leadhills, and the employment of his early years was to wash the lead ore for his father at the mines. His education was limited to the mere elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, obtained at the parish school; and his most frequent occupation, till he was fifteen years of age, was that of a shepherd. By this means he learned the full character of rural life, and was thus unconsciously educated for the work on which his chief fame depends. The death of his father, and the subsequent marriage of his mother to a small farmer in Lanarkshire, led to his being sent to Edinburgh, and bound apprentice to a hairdresser. He afterwards set up in this humble business for himself, and his earliest poems were sold as penny broadsides, while he practised this vocation.

Having established his reputation as a poet, and his credit as a careful and trustworthy tradesman, he exchanged the occupation of a barber for the more congenial one of a bookseller. Prosperity attended him in his new business; his speculations as an author and publisher were equally successful, and having married the daughter

of a respectable legal practitioner in Edinburgh, he was able to build himself a neat villa on the Castlehill of Edinburgh, where he spent the latter years of his life in the enjoyment of ease and comfort, and the society of a select circle of friends, all secured by his own honest industry and native genius. His son became the well-known portrait painter, whose works are to be met with in family galleries of the period. He enjoyed the patronage and favour of George III. and his queen; and his son, the grandson of the poet, rose to the rank of a general in the British army. The house built by the poet on the Castlehill of Edinburgh is still the property of his descendants, and is known by the name of "Ramsay Garden." No poet's biography presents a more pleasing picture of honest industry, good humour, modest worth, and fortunate perseverance. It is truly, as Chambers has remarked, "one of the green and sunny spots in literary biography."

Along with Ramsay, may be mentioned in sad contrast, ROBERT FERGUSON, whom Burns characterizes with generous and too liberal modesty—

"My elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate."

With better chances than Ramsay, he lacked all the practical virtues which mainly contributed to his success in life. After receiving a liberal education, including the advantages of studying at the universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, where he acquired considerable reputation, not being able to follow out any higher vocation, he obtained the post of a Sheriff's clerk. Unhappily his wit and love of music had only served as an introduction to a circle of thoughtless and dissipated youths of the Scottish metropolis, among whom he wasted health

and means; and at length the wretched poet died in a pauper mad-house, on the 16th of October 1774, at the early age of twenty-four. From the "Farmer's Ingle" of Ferguson, Burns is believed to have derived the idea of his noble poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

ALEXANDER POPE,

BORN, 1688; DIED, 1744.

ALEXANDER POPE, the most distinguished poet, and one of the most brilliant wits of his age, was the son of a London draper, who retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, to enjoy, in the evening of his days, the fruits of honest industry and perseverance. It has been justly objected to Pope as an unworthy weakness that he exposed himself to the taunts of some mean spirits of his age, who strangely enough deemed his humble birth a detraction from the greatness of the poet, by himself showing some vain longings for a titled pedigree. When, however, he was called upon to vindicate himself from the personal attack of Lord Harvey, he replied with becoming dignity, "I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."

Pope was, from his earliest years, extremely delicate, and though his fine features were frequently remarked in youth as strikingly beautiful, his stature was diminutive, and his figure deformed. His parents were Roman Catholics, and his education was, accordingly, committed to the care of Roman Catholic priests, until he reached his thirteenth year. But at this early age, the precocious boy

had already given evidence of his wonderful poetic gifts, by the production of his "Ode on Solitude;" and thenceforth he discarded tutors, and became his own efficient instructor. He presents, indeed, a rare example of a boy of such precocity redeeming the promises of his youth. He describes himself as born a poet, and giving utterance only to the measured verse that unconsciously originated in his mind :

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

At the age of sixteen, Pope produced his "Pastorals," as well as some of his imitations of Chaucer, which at once brought him into notice. Though but a boy in years, his conversational powers, and the brilliancy of his wit, were already such as to attract the admiration of some of his most distinguished contemporaries, both in literature and politics. In 1711, his "Essay on Criticism" was published. It met at once with a most hearty appreciation, and is still acknowledged to be nearly unsurpassed as a piece of argumentative poetry in our language. It meddled, however, with the critics of the time in a way that exposed both the author and his work to their bitterest attacks, and ultimately led to his retaliating, with unmeasured severity of sarcasm, in his famous mock-heroic poem, the "Dunciad." In the interval between the publication of the first and last of these poems, appeared his celebrated "Rape of the Lock," "The Temple of Fame," with the "Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady," and other minor poems; and also his "Messiah" and "Windsor Forest." He also proceeded with his translation of Horace, and by his version of the Iliad alone, obtained a sum of five thousand pounds, which he laid out on the villa that has ever since associated his name with the lovely scenery

at Twickenham. To this favourite residence his aged parents removed, and his mother long survived to enjoy his honours and partake of his filial attentions, which appear to have been unfailing and most kind. With the outer world, however, the poet was now at war. As is not unfrequently the case with those who suffer from personal deformity, he appears to have been most sensitive as to all personal attacks; and while assailing his literary rivals with unsparing severity, both in his "Essay on Criticism" and in the "Dunciad," he resented with an unworthy show of sensitiveness the attacks which he thus provoked. The "Dunciad" lashes with terrible severity the poet's assailants, and the force and brilliancy of the satiric powers which it displays have rarely been surpassed; yet it is now read with as much pity as admiration, under the sense of such great powers of intellect being squandered on so unworthy an aim as retaliating the assaults of his puny rivals. It is sadder still to think that he was himself the chief sufferer. Blessed with a moderate independence, and wisely husbanding his means with a prudential sagacity, not unequal to that of his Scottish contemporary, Allan Ramsay, he might have smiled at the bitterest attacks of rivals, alike inferior to him in wit and genius. But when he unwisely threw himself into such wretched contentions, he gave up his whole soul to the unworthy struggle, and his temper and disposition appear to have suffered not a little from its debasing effects.

In 1729, Pope gave, in his "Essay on Man," a remarkable, if not unequalled example of masterly philosophic reasoning, carried on apparently without any restraint from the trammels of verse. The scope and tendency of the opinions which the poet there advocates, are indeed

such as cannot be commended for the instruction of the inquiring mind ; but few are likely to incur any danger now from the false system of morals which he has there embodied in such polished and harmonious versification.

The concluding years of the poet's life were embittered by his literary quarrels with his contemporaries, and his temper became increasingly irritable under annoyances which a less sensitive or more amiable mind would have permitted to pass unnoticed. He died on the 30th of May 1744, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and was interred at Twickenham, where a monument was afterwards erected to his memory by Bishop Warburton. In his own legitimate place among the poets, Pope continues to maintain a distinguished rank. He cannot, indeed, compare with those great master-spirits, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, who employed their muse on the loftiest and most pure and elevating themes. His age was not, indeed, one that could be expected to produce such, nor were either his education or his philosophical and religious creeds calculated to rear a moral teacher so far above the ideal range of his lively, but superficial and sceptical age. His poetry most truly mirrors the character of the age. It is brilliant, sparkling, minute, elaborate, and artificial. He brought, indeed, that peculiar style to perfection, and while he failed not to find a host of inferior imitators, he, by such means, prepared the way for the next poet of similar powers striking out a new path, and abandoning the balanced polish of his artificial verse for such rugged vigour and idiomatic simplicity as the author of the "Task" employed to set a new example to the poets of our age. The "Messiah" has been especially popular, from its

sacred theme no less than from the musical sweetness and polish of its verse. A comparison, however, of its language with that of the sublime prophetic words of Isaiah from whence it is derived, can hardly fail to impress the critical ear with a sense of its luscious turgidness and redundancy of words. Its style, moreover, readily admitted of imitation, and has been repeated to satiety. While, however, the imitators of Pope have, for the most part, long since passed into merited oblivion, Pope continues to maintain his place, as one of his ablest critics has characterized him, "The poet, not of nature, but of art." Yet it must not be forgot that, amid all his artificiality, Pope was a true poet; and had it been his fortune to have nursed his young muse, like Allan Ramsay, amid pastoral scenes, or, like Burns, amid the genial, though rugged vicissitudes of agricultural life, he would have left evidences of his poetic genius, perchance as much more noble than his fine "Rape of the Lock," as the simplicity of rustic virtue, such as that of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," surpasses the ungenial conventionalities which so peculiarly distinguished the Court of Queen Anne, and her first Hanoverian successors.

Having thus noticed the most distinguished among the poets that adorn this period, we may pass over the immediate contemporaries and successors of Pope with a very brief notice, though they include some whose names still occupy a distinguished place among British poets. GAY, the son of a London silk mercer, owed his fortunes almost entirely to the high estimation of his poems; and the instruction and amusement which his fables have afforded to many juvenile readers, attest his right to such rank among British poets. He was the intimate friend of

Pope and Swift, and wrote his "Beggars Opera," the most popular of all his works, at the instigation of the latter. He differed as essentially from Pope in his good as in his bad qualities. He was amiable, generous, and affable, and exceedingly entertaining in his conversation; but he was indolent, and careless of money, and sacrificed his independence to the subserviency of titled patronage. In this latter respect he only yielded in excess to the common weakness of literary men of his day.

ROBERT BLAIR, the author of "The Grave," is another poet of this period. Born in Edinburgh, the son of a Scottish clergyman, he followed the same sacred profession, and receiving, in due time, a presentation to the living of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, he made a happy marriage, and passed a life unruffled by the cares of courts, or the distractions of literary strife, in the faithful discharge of his sacred duties. JAMES THOMSON, the author of the "Seasons," was also born in a Scottish manse. His father was minister of the parish of Ednam, in Roxburghshire, and he was destined for the same profession; but he evinced, while a student at the University of Edinburgh, a strong disinclination to enter the church, and the death of his father having left him free to pursue his own course, he proceeded to London with his poem of "Winter"—one of the books of "The Seasons"—in his pocket, in pursuit of patronage and fame. His first situation was that of tutor to a son of Lord Binning. His poems soon procured him friends, and after experiencing his full share of the precarious fortunes of literary men, he was at length appointed to a sinecure office, the emoluments of which enabled him to retire to a pleasant villa near Richmond, where he completed his "Castle of Indolence," the most vigorous and highly-

finished of all his poems; and there he passed the remainder of his life in ease and comfort.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, the biographer of the poets, is himself generally ranked among them; but had his claims to fame rested on no other grounds than his poems, his name would now be rarely heard of. Yet it is no mean merit to have won the commendation of Cowper, who has described him as "a sage":—

" Whom to have bred, may well make England proud,
Whose prose was eloquence by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine, and strong—
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from heaven possessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest."

GRAY, best known to us by the popular "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," was a native of London, and passed the greater portion of his life at Cambridge. Considering the brilliancy of his talents, and the life of leisure which he chiefly led, he has left very meagre fruits of his devotion to the muse. But what do remain are polished to a degree that becomes almost painful to true poetic taste, and present a singular contrast, in their high finish, to the known indolence which was the great fault of his character.

WILLIAM COLLINS, one of the finest lyrical poets that England has produced, died at the early age of thirty-six, before his works were duly appreciated, or his name was even known to many of his contemporaries. But the best evidence of the true genius manifested in his works is, that they have gradually risen in estimation by the sheer force of their own great merits, and his name now stands deservedly high among the poets of his age.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BORN, 1727; DIED, 1774.

HIGH among the gifted sons of genius, stands the name of Goldsmith, the author of the "Deserted Village," of the "Vicar of Wakefield," as well as of other well-known works, still valued among our choicest specimens of staple English literature. His life presents us with a singular epitome of the adventures, misfortunes, and errors of true genius. Born the son of a poor Irish curate, his life was a constant struggle with difficulties, and exhibits an example of waywardness, generosity, improvidence, and great intellectual powers, combined with a childlike simplicity, nearly allied to imbecility, such as is without a parallel in the biographical records of poets. He was, indeed, incapable of managing his own affairs, and hence he failed in successive projects for preparing him for the medical and legal professions, and for establishing him in some degree of comfort as a literary man. After many romantic wanderings and strange vicissitudes, he at length obtained a medical degree at Padua. But all attempts at securing either a permanent medical appointment, or such practice as a physician as would supply the means of subsistence, having failed, he betook himself to the precarious resources of a writer for the London periodicals; and thenceforward his life was that of an author in the great metropolis. He had extreme facility with his pen, and his great versatility of talents, and curious variety of information and experience, rendered his literary services of considerable value to the London publishers. Hence his pecuniary resources, though precarious, must frequently have been considerable. But

he was utterly incapable of husbanding these with any economy, or making the slightest provision for the future. When money was plentiful, he dressed with all the costly extravagance of a fine gentleman of the day; and when his resources were exhausted, he would not hesitate to part with his only coat to supply the wants of a beggar scarcely more destitute than himself. His "*Vicar of Wakefield*" was sold for him by Dr. Johnson, for the sum of £60, in order to relieve him from an arrest for rent by his landlady. This inimitable work was so little appreciated by its purchaser, that five years elapsed after it was written, before its publication. In the interval, he had published his beautiful poem, the "*Traveller*," in 1766; and this was followed by the "*Hermit*," the comedy of the "*Good-natured Man*," and sundry other well-known works both in prose and verse; and at length, in 1770, by his 'most charming poetical production, "*The Deserted Village*." His genius and worth were now fully appreciated, while his modest simplicity was curiously shown on the occasion of parting with this exquisite and highly-finished production of his muse. The publisher appreciating its true merits, as well as its author's acknowledged fame, sent him a hundred guineas for the copyright; but Goldsmith, with characteristic unselfishness, returned it, remarking to a friend: "It is too much, it is more than the honest bookseller can afford, or, indeed, any modern poetry is worth." The poet had, no doubt, been free from any pressing pecuniary cares at the moment; for, when troubled with such, or even pressed by calls on his benevolence, he was as little careful of others' means as of his own. The sale of his "*Deserted Village*," however, amply confirmed the publisher's estimate of its value, and he insisted on the generous author receiving the original

offer, which no reader will now think was too large a sum.

It would be foolish to re-echo the sentiments, somewhat too hastily and inconsiderately urged both by biographers and poets, regarding the unjust privations inflicted on Goldsmith, by those who were bound to remunerate him for the noble productions with which he has enriched all time. Cumberland thus touchingly alludes both to his improvidence and his poverty:—

“But what availed it thee, neglected bard,
How thy verse trickled, or thy period flowed?
The loathsome vampire, poverty, through life
Insatiate clung to thee, and sucked thy blood
To the last drop. By thy sick couch I stood,
And saw death's hand was on thee; shall I say
That thou wert vain, and carelessly dispersed
The slender pittance that thy genius earned?
No: 'twere a cruel comment on thy life;
He who no harvest reaps can hoard no grain!”

It was, indeed, a sad thing that so gifted a genius should have been compelled to waste his fine talents in the production of ephemeral contributions to the press for the supply of his daily wants. Yet it must not be overlooked that the annual income derived from this source has been computed to have amounted, during the last eight years of his life, to little short of £300, and yet he died leaving a larger debt than it could have been thought possible for a poet to have contracted. Had his income amounted to thousands, it is to be feared that his reckless generosity and carelessness for all beyond the moment, would have led to nearly similar results. We must, indeed, mourn that his great powers were wasted on the production of light and superficial works, not composed for fame, but written to supply his necessities; yet it may

be questioned whether we do not owe also, in some degree, to the same harsh stimulus, the noble works on which all his fame depends, and but for which his life might have been wasted in such passing gaieties and social enjoyments as he resorted to whenever he had succeeded in replenishing his exhausted purse. Goldsmith, however, presents a character which it is impossible not to love, even while condemning its glaring defects. He retained, indeed, through life, much of the simplicity of childhood; and it is no slight commendation to add, that he embodied in his best works much of its purity. Both as a prose writer and as a poet, he has established claims to a high and enduring fame among the English writers of the eighteenth century; and his writings occupy an independent place among those of his age, deriving all the most essential and endearing characteristics which have exercised so great an influence over the popular literature of England, not from the style of his age, but from himself.

POETS OF THE RESTORATION.

COOPER'S HILL.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most loved of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil;
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind:
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,

Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee ! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme ;
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamoured youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat—
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

DENHAM.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb ;

Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled.

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly!
Swiftness and power by birth are thine;
From thy great Sire they come, thy Sire, the Word Divine.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

COWLEY.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

COWLEY.

GOD'S THRONE.

ABOVE the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony,
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place, o'erflown with hallowed light,
Where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds confined.
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space:

For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day ;
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
Or with dim taper scatters darkness there :
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling ocean doth swift time divide.
Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last.
There sits the Almighty, first of all, and end,
Whom nothing but himself can comprehend :
Who with his word commandeth all to be,
And all obeyed Him, for that word was He.
Only He spoke, and everything that is
From out the womb of fertile Nothing rise.
Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
Thou great Three-One ?
There thou thyself dost in full presence show,
Not absent from these meaner worlds below :
No ; if thou wert, the Elements' league would cease,
And all thy creatures break thy nature's peace.

COWLEY.

TO THE ETERNAL WISDOM.

O THOU eternal Mind ! whose wisdom sees
And rules our changes by unchanged decrees
As with delight on thy grave works we look,
Say, art thou too with our light follies took ?
For when thy bounteous hand, in liberal showers,
Each way diffused thy various blessings pours,
We catch at them with strife, as vain to sight,
As children when for nuts they scrambling fight.

This snatching at a sceptre breaks it ; he
That broken does ere he can grasp it see ;
The poor world seeming like a ball, that lights
Betwixt the hands of powerful opposites :
Which, while they cantonize in their bold pride,
They but an immaterial point divide.
O ! whilst for wealthy spoils these fight, let me,
Though poor, enjoy a happy peace with thee !

SHERBURNE.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

AWAKE, glad heart ! get up, and sing !
It is the birth-day of thy King ;
Awake ! awake !
The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and all the way,
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake ! awake ! hark, how th' wood rings ;
Winds whisper, and the busy springs
A concert make !
Awake ! awake !
Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin !
Then either star or bird should be
Shining, or singing still to thee.

I would I had in my best part
 Fit rooms for thee! or that my heart
 Were so clean as
 Thy manger was!
 But I am all filth and obscene;
 Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

Sweet Jesu! *will* then; let no more
 This leper haunt and soil thy door;
 Cure him, ease him,
 O release him!
 And let once more, by mystic birth,
 The Lord of life be born in earth.

VAUGHAN.

DAILY PRAYER.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
 Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
 Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
 'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
 After sun-rising; for day sullies flowers:
 Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
 And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
 And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring

Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing : then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries : the first, world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may :
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

VAUGHAN.

THE WORLD.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright ;

And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain ;
 Near him his lute, his fancy, and his flights—
 Wits so our delights—
 With gloves and knots the silly snares of pleasure ;
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow
 He did not stay nor go :
 Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul ;
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
 Worked underground,
 Where he did clutch his prey—but one did see
 That policy ;
 Churches and altars fed him ; perjuries
 Were knats and flies ;
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there—did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust ;

Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf :
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretence ;
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less :
The weaker sort, slight trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave ;
And poor despised truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring ;
But most would use no wing.
O fools ! (said I) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light ;
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way—
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God ;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he.
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus :
“ This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide
But for his bride.”

VAUGHAN.

DIVINE EJACULATION.

GREAT GOD ! whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil thy fear into my heart,
That being rapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good thou art :
Open my lips, that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God ! thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, thy flowers decay ;
O call to mind thy promise past,
Restore thou them, cut these away :
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee ;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by thee :
Lord, let thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of thine,
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine !
No, Lord, till thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,

Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee!
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

O thou that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest—
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have
Be not possess'd and blest in thee:
What I enjoy, O make it mine
In making me—that have it—thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends—when eyes grow strange—
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change;
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never,
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

Great God ! whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can comprehend,
Whose justice none can feel—and live,
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

QUARLES.

TRUE NOBILITY.

SEARCH we the springs,
And backward trace the principles of things :
There shall we find that when the world began,
One common mass composed the mould of man ;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed,
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same Almighty power inspired the frame
With kindled life, and formed the souls the same.
The faculties of intellect and will,
Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill ;
Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
The difference that distinguished man from man.
He claimed no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble, made him good.
Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,
He winged his upward flight, and soared to fame ;
The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force,
Uncancelled, though diffused : and he whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind ;

Though poor in fortune, of celestial race :
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were placed around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crowned):
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began—from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,

* * * * *

And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,

A present deity! they shout around:

A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravished ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musicians sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.

Flushed with a purple grace,

He shows his honest face;

Now give the hautboys breath: he comes! he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;

And thrice herouted all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed :
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour, but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,

The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head !

As awaked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise :

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew !

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods !

The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving billows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

THE WAR-HORSE.

THE fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight;
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.

Eager he stands—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and smokes the noble ground :
Fire from his eyes, flames from his nostrils flow,
He burns his richer meaning on the snow.

INDEX.

VENI CREATOR

CREATOR SPIRIT, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command ;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gifts with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But O, inflame and fire our hearts !

Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

DRYDEN.

HYMN FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul ! awake, mine eyes !
Awake, my drowsy faculties !
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night !
Look up, and see the unwearied sun,
Already has his race begun :
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.

Arise, my soul! And thou, my voice,
In songs of praise early rejoice!
O great Creator! heavenly King!
Thy praises ever let me sing!
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept;
Yet one day more has given me,
From all the powers of darkness free.
O keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure;
That when the last of all my days is come,
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom.

FLATMAN.

HYMN FOR THE EVENING.

SLEEP! downy Sleep! come, close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities!
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day;
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed;
Let not the spirits of the air,
While I slumber, me ensnare;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.
Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion:
O, dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!

Thus, when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise,
Like incense, or the morning sacrifice!

FLATMAN.

D E A T H .

O THE sad day
When friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,
See how he struggles with the pangs of death!
When they shall say of these poor eyes—
How hollow and how dim they be!
Mark how his breast does swell and rise
Against his potent enemy!
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
Touch my chill face, and then shall gently glide,
And when his next companions say—
“How does he do! What hopes!” shall turn away
Answering only, with uplifted hand,
Who can his fate withstand!
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e’er my rhetoric could before—
Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more!

FLATMAN.

EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep!—of sense me to deprive ;
I am but half my time alive ;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved,
To lie so long of thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains ;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds ;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away :
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire !

O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

K.R.N.

HYMN ON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

HAIL, King of glory, clad in robes of light !
Outshining all we here call bright !
Hail, light's divinest galaxy !
Hail, express image of the Deity !
Could now thy amorous spouse thy beauties view,
How would her wounds all bleed anew !
Lovely thou art all o'er and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentiles' light.

But whence this brightness, whence this sudden day?

Who did thee thus with light array?

Did thy divinity dispense

To its consort a more liberal influence?

Or did some curious angel's chymic art

The spirits of purest light impart,

Drawn from the native spring of day,

And wrought into an organized ray?

Howe'er 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine:

Thou dost with radiant wonders shine.

The sun with his bright company,

Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee.

Thou art the fountain whence their light does flow,

But to thy will thine own dost owe.

For (as at first) thou didst but say,

"Let there be light," and straight sprang forth this wondrous day.

Let now the eastern princes come, and bring

Their tributary offering.

There needs no star to guide their flight,

They'll find thee now, great King, by thine own light.

And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,

And follow this bright guide of fire.

Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,

Whilst angels, with veiled faces, anthems sing.

NORRIS.

THE MEDITATION.

It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,
 A dismal, and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st
 not how.

Amazing state! No wonder that we dread
 To think of death, or view the dead.
Thou'rt all wrapped up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Death could not a more sad retinue find—
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,
 What 'tis you are, and we must be!
You warn us of approaching death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to die!
But you, having shot the gulf, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
 Disease shall cut, or age untie;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity!

So when the spacious globe was deluged o'er,
 And lower holds could save no more,

On the utmost bough the astonished sinners stood,
And viewed the advances of the encroaching flood ;
O'ertopped at length by the element's increase,
With horror they resigned to the untried abyss.

NORRIS.

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

HAIL, thou most sacred, venerable thing !
What muse is worthy thee to sing !
Thee, from whose pregnant, universal womb,
All things, even light, thy rival, first did come.
What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,
Thou first and greatest mystery !
Who can the secrets of thy essence tell !
Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,
This ample theatre of praise ;
Before the folding circles of the sky
Were tuned by him who is all harmony ;
Before the morning stars their hymn began,
Before the council held for man,
Before the birth of either time or place,
Thou reign'st unquestioned monarch in the empty space.

Thy native lot thou didst to light resign,
But still half of the globe is thine.
Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand,
Like the best emperors thou dost command.
To thee the stars above their brightness owe,
And mortals their repose below ;

To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,
And those that weary are of light, find rest in thee.

Though light and glory be the Almighty's throne,
Darkness is his pavilion;
From that his radiant beauty, but from thee
He has his terror and his majesty:
Thus, when he first proclaimed his sacred law,
And would his rebel subjects awe,
Like princes on some great solemnity,
He appeared in's robes of state, and clad himself with thee.

The blessed above do thy sweet umbrage prize,
When, aloyed with light, they veil their eyes;
The vision of the Deity is made
More sweet and beatific by thy shade;
But we, poor tenants of this orb below,
Don't here thy excellences know
Till death our understandings does improve,
And then our wiser ghosts thy silent night-walks love.

But thee I now admire, thee would I choose
For my religion, or my muse.
'Tis hard to tell whether thy reverend shade
Has more good votaries or poets made:
From thy dark caves were inspirations given,
And from thick groves went vows to Heaven.
Hail, then, thou muse's and devotion's spring,
'Tis just we should adore; 'tis just we should thee sing.

NORRIS.

CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung :
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define !
And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth :
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures and rejoice in fire :
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law :
Yet, gracious Charity ! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice—
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity ! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers as she much believes—
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows :
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.

Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail and Prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show:
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirmed by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawning of beams and promises of day;
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled—
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant faith and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy.
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity!
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

PRIOR.

BE GENTLE.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over :
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love !
 Alas ! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain
 From slighted vows and cold disdain !

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempest loose ;
 That, thrown again upon the coast
 Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain ;
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain !

PRIOR.

POETASTERS.

A SIMILE.

Dear Thomas, did'st thou never pop
 Thy head into a tinman's shop ?
 There, Thomas, did'st thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage,
 In jumping round a rolling cage ;
 The cage, as either side turned up,
 Striking a ring of bells at top !—
 Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs :

But, here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades,
In noble song and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods ;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound ;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

PRIOR.

THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

THE time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
" See how the Dean begins to break !
Poor gentleman, he droops apace !
You plainly see it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays,
He recollects not what he says ;
He cannot call his friends to mind ;
Forgets the place where last he dined ;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er,
He told them fifty times before.

How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit!
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter;
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found."

* * * * *

In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
 Would please them better, than to tell,
 That, "God be praised, the Dean is well."
 Then he who prophesied the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest:
 "You know I always feared the worst,
 And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his predictions prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover;
 But all agree to give me over.

* * * * *

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 "How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 "Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left! and who's his heir!"
 "I know no more than what the news is;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."
 "To public uses! there's a whim!
 What had the public done for him!
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 No worthy friend, no poor relation!
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employed;
 With elegies the town is cloyed;
 Some paragraph in every paper,
 To *curse* the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 "We must confess, his case was nice;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
 He might have lived these twenty years:
 For, when we opened him, we found
 That all his vital parts were sound."

* * * * *

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;

Revive the libels born to die :

Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
“I’m sorry—but we all must die!”

Indifference, clad in wisdom’s guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies :
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt !
When we are lashed, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

* * * * *

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past ; a different scene !
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas ! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where’s now the favourite of Apollo ?
Departed :—*and his works must follow ;*
Must undergo the common fate ;
His kind of wit is out of date.

SWIFT.

A MODERN LADY.

THE modern dame is waked by noon
(Some authors say not quite so soon),

Because, though sore against her will,
She sate all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise:
Of headach and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day!
But was it not confounded hard!
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille*!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, 'His business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn!'"—"First, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my Lady Spade,
Hath sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And hath she sent so soon to dun!
Here, carry down those ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars, they all are light;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;

Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats :
"She slipped *spadillo* in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest :
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

SWIFT.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF
THE SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
—'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity !—thou pleasing—dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold :—If there's a Power above us
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in Virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy :

But—when?—or where?—*This world was made for Caesar.*
I'm weary of conjectures :—*This must end them.*

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus I am doubly armed ; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed the tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, oh my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

STAND and adore! how glorious He
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze and we confound our sight,
Plunged in th' abyss of dazzling light.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great, everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name!

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin to speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untried, and boundless things.

You, whose capacious powers survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or thought, or known by you!

How flat your highest praises fall
Before th' immense Original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain.

Great God! forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Call for the voice that tuned the sky.

WATTS.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy !
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy !
Pleasure must be dashed with pain :
And yet, with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere :
Earth has no unpolluted spring,
From the cursed soil some dangerous taint they bear ;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky ;
The world has false but flattering charms ;
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye :
In our embrace the visions die :
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours, and false light ;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon,
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confused the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd the eternal hills ;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem ;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

WATTS.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky ;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is filled with heat.
Father, also with thy fire,
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light,
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade ;
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky ;
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there ;

And soar with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light.

PARNELL.

A CHURCHYARD BY NIGHT.

THOSE with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,—
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great ;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry—
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin

(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground !)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones :

“ When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I !
They view me like the last of things ;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools ! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God :
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.”

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, covered steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead !

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe ;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun ;
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years, they waste :
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,

Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

PARNELL.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O THOU! whose balance does the mountains weigh;
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on thy never-ceasing goodness calls.

Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep.
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distressed,
And lift the burden from the soul oppressed.
Oh! may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!
May sea and land, and earth and heaven be joined,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the majesty divine.

Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;

Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies :
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

And, oh, permit the gloom of solemn night,
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all nature in a milder light :
How every boist'rous thought in calm subsides !
How the smoothed spirit into goodness glides !
Oh, how divine ! to tread the milky-way
To the bright palace of the Lord of day ;
His court admire, or for his favour sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew :
Pleased to look down, and see the world asleep ;
While I long vigils to its Founder keep.

YOUNG.

BLESSINGS OF RETIREMENT.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shade !
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril.
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;
And meditate on scenes more silent still ;

Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
 Here like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager ambition's fiery chase I see ;
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey ;
 As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles ;
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
 Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
 Earth's highest station ends in " here he lies,"
 And " dust to dust " concludes her noblest song.

YOUNG.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day : 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, " That all men are about to live "—
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel : and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;

At least, their own ; their future selves applaud.
How excellent that life—they ne'er will lead !
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails ;
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage : when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then, dies the same.

And why ! Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close, where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing, no scar the sky retains ;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel ;—
So dies in human hearts the thought of death,
E'en with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love—we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

THE POET'S WISH.

FRAE great Apollo, poet say,
What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,
 When thou bows at his shrine?
Not Carse o' Gowrie's fertile field,
Nor a' the flocks the Grampians yield,
 That are baith sleek and fine:
Not costly things brought frae afar,
 As ivory, pearl, and gems;
Nor those fair straths that watered are
 With Tay and Tweed's smooth streama,
 Which gently, and daintily,
 Pare down the flow'ry braes,
As greatly, and quietly,
 They wimple to the seas.

Whaever by his canny fate
Is master of a good estate,
 That can ilk thing afford,
Let him enjoy 't withoutten care,
And with the wale of curious fare
 Cover his ample board.
Much dawted by the gods is he,
 Wha to the Indian plain
Successfu' ploughs the wally sea,
And safe returns again,
 With riches, that hitches
 Him high aboon the rest
Of sma' fowk, and a' fowk,
 That are wi' poortith prest.

For me, I can be well content
 To eat my bannock on the bent,
 And kitchen 't wi' fresh air;
 Of lang-kail I can make a feast,
 And cantily haud up my crest,
 And laugh at dishes rare.
 Nought frae Apollo I demand,
 But through a lengthened life
 My outer fabric firm may stand,
 And saul clear without strife.
 May he then, but gi'e then,
 Those blessings for my share;
 I'll fairly, and squarely,
 Quit a', and seek nae mair.

RAMSAY.

THE SPECTACLES.

A FABLE.

A day when Jove, the high director,
 Was merry o'er a bowl of nectar,
 Resolved a present to bestow
 On the inhabitants below,
 Momus, wha likes his joke and wine,
 Was sent frae heaven with the propine.
 Fast thro' the æther fields he whirled
 His rapid car, and reached the world:
 Convened mankind, and tald them Jove
 Had sent a token of his love;
 Considering that they were short-sighted,
 That faut shou'd presently be righted.
 Syne loosed his wallet frae the pillions,
 And tossed out spectacles by millions.

There were enow, and ilk ane chose
 His pair, and cocked them on his nose ;
 And thankfully their knees they bended
 To heaven, that thus their sight had mended.
 Streight Momus hameward took his flight,
 Laughing fou' loud, as well he might.
 For ye maun ken, 'tis but o'er true,
 The glasses were some red, some blue,
 Some black, some white, some brown, some green,
 Which made the same thing different seem.
 Now all was wrong, and all was right,
 For ilk believed his aided sight ;
 Swore black was white, and red was green,
 Asked if he could misdoubt his een ;
 Far less believe that e'er anither
 Could mak' his senses lie or swither.

RAMFAY.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade !
 'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gored ?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
 O ! ever beauteous ! ever friendly ! tell,
 Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well ?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

* * * *

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid!
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show!
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face!
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb!
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by the relics made.
So peaceful rest, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WESTWARD, a sumptuous frontispiece appeared,
On Doric pillars of white marble reared,
Crowned with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughened gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil :
Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire !
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name :
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
The sage Chaldæans, robed in white appeared,
And Brahmins, deep in desert woods revered.
These stopped the Moon, and called th' unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes.

Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watched the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science—to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measured Earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostri struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew :
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ;
His giant limbs are armed in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learned walls with hieroglyphics graced.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crowned,
And Runic characters were graved around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smeared with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorned the temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

GOD IN NATURE.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same ;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent ;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

POPE.

THE MILLENIUM.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

POPE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting!

POPE.

W O M A N.

SEE how the world its veterans rewards
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;

Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blessed,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest ;
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools ;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fixed principles, with fancy, ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame ; with this unblessed,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first opened on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watched that hour with care,
Averted half your parent's simple prayer,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dress for duchesses ; the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

POPE.

ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obeyed,
Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.

O endless! though divine!—Eternity,
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee!
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life! with ill encompassed round,
Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound:
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow, death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confined?
Think, all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazoned hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hands disperse.
Should certain fate the impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay:
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man!

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

GAY.

RURAL DELIGHTS.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Her blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of the industrious swain.

Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crowned,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green ;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand ;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws :
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienced swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake ;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains ;
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake ;
Oh, lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines ;
Where flows the murmuring brook inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound ;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

GAY.

D E A T H.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come !
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage ! Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror : but the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul !
What a strange moment must it be, when, near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view !
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repassed
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting !
For part they must : body and soul must part :
Fond couple ! linked more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge ;

That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens: then might the drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drained,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death: then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there's an hereafter—
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffered to speak out, tells every man—
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand!
Self-murder! Name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge;

As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And mattered not his wrath? Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserved for such: these herd together,
The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fixed, and all our days are numbered;
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad!
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

BLAIR.

EFFECTS OF SPRING.

SEE where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossomed beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravished soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,

Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers,
The negligence of nature, wide and wild ;
Where, undisguised by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend ! around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finished garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatched through the verdant maze, the buried eye
Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
Of covert close where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps :
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

THOMSON.

AUTUMN EVENING.

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along

The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson east.
Turned to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

THOMSON.

WINTER REFLECTIONS.

'Tis done ! dread winter spreads its latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictured life : pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?

Those gay-spent, festive nights! those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life!
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge! why licensed pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more!
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

THOMSON.

L A V I N I A .

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
And fortune smiled deceitful on her birth :
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, concealed.
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride ;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstained and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrilled in her thought, they like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods :
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes in balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourished, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia.

THOMSON.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;

There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God.

GRAY.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting :
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled :
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song :
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung ; but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down ;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;

Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And, dashing soft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O, how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address ;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw in Temple's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside!
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art!
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavour cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

SYMPATHY.

Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms ; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears !
O ! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village walk,
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurled upon the coast
Some helpless bark ; while sacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair,
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shattered vessel, shrieks aloud,
As some poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallowed by the roaring surge,
As now another, dashed against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O, deemest thou, indeed,
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears !
No sweetly melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers,
To this their proper action and their end !

AKENSIDE

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could guage :
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even, though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

GOLDSMITH.

PART III.—POETS OF THE ELIZABETHIAN AGE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE revival of literature and the fine arts has been remarked in every age and country to accompany the development of free institutions, or the struggle for social and political liberty, and at no period has this been more strikingly verified than at that of the English Reformation. Until Spenser arose to enrich the English language with his immortal verse, the genius of poetry had seemed to slumber from the days of Chaucer, and the names that occur among the versifiers in our language during that long and important interval scarcely include one whose productions could establish a claim for their authors to rank among the great poets of England. It was, indeed, a period little calculated to foster literary genius. War does not, indeed, necessarily cramp the national intellect. On the contrary, the period of the highest development in ancient Greece, was that in which the nation was struggling against barbarian invaders; and the era which stands out prominent above all others in the intellectual history of England, is that when she was internally freeing herself from the trammels of Popery, and guarding her coasts against the invasion of Spanish Armadas, and the like furious crusades. These were struggles which brought

into play all the noblest and most elevated sympathies of the nation. Patriotism, religion, and the love of liberty, combined to give dignity to every effort for the common weal, and to call into exercise the highest motives to action. This, therefore, was an era when the national intellect might be expected to shine the brightest, and we accordingly find belonging to the period extending from the death of Henry VIII. to the restoration of Charles II, a series of violent struggles for religious and political freedom, accompanied by a display of intellectual vigour and power unmatched in the world's history, save by the one grand era when Grecian art and literature sprung into being to give laws and examples to all time.

The accession of Henry VIII. to the throne of England, was the final termination of internal struggles consequent on a disputed succession. His title to the crown was so effectually secured by the union of the two contending lines in his person, that he was left without apprehension of a rival; and thus he became the security to his subjects against any further recurrence of the sanguinary civil wars which had so long desolated the kingdom. That other strife, however, which involved a war of opinions, and a struggle for liberty of conscience, was to find in this very state of things the elements which gave it free scope; and the names of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and the Scottish James, are accordingly the representatives and historical impersonations of the two parties which alternately prevailed, while the liberties of England still hung doubtful in the balance. It was during this eventful era that the poets appeared whose works form the subject of this department of English poetry; and it is of this period that Sir James Mackintosh has remarked: "There never was anywhere

anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the period of the Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the time of Leo X., nor of Louis XIV., can come at all into comparison; for in that short period we shall find the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, and Sidney, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh; of Napier, Milton, Cudworth, Hobbes, and many others—men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original."

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

BORN, 1516; DIED, 1547.

HENRY HOWARD was the son of Thomas, Earl of Surrey, and afterwards Duke of Norfolk. His early life is involved in some uncertainty, and both Oxford and Cambridge have claimed the honour of being his *alma mater*. Wherever he received his education, it appears to have been completed at an early period, as he had only reached the age of sixteen when he contracted a marriage, according to the custom of the times, with Lady Francis Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. In the same year he visited France and Germany, and then proceeding to Florence, he there fell in, it is said, with the lady whom he celebrates in his poems by the name of Geraldine. By some she is said to have been a daughter of one of the Earls of Kildare, but so little is known with certainty on the subject, that several writers have regarded her as a

mere creation of the poet's fancy. The character of his amorous poetry is neither so earnest nor so heartfelt as to render the latter idea extravagant or improbable.

The Earl of Surrey figures prominently in the history of Henry VIII.'s reign. He was one of the nobles who accompanied the English monarch to his interview with Francis I. at Boulogne; he represented his father-in-law, the Lord High Chamberlain, at the marriage of his kinswoman, Anne Boleyn; and at her iniquitous trial, he had to appear as depute Earl Marshal. He distinguished himself both in the continental and Scottish wars of this reign, and was one of the gallantest knights of his age. Such virtues, however, were no protection from the wrath of that fickle tyrant. The houses of Howard and Seymour were rivals for the royal favour, and the Earl of Hereford having meanly reported some free expressions of the Earl of Surrey, he was imprisoned in the Tower, and brought to trial on the charge of bearing the arms of Edward the Confessor quartered on his shield, which, it was maintained, furnished sufficient evidence of his having treasonably aspired to the crown. He in vain showed that the arms were those assigned to him by the heralds, and had been worn by him unchallenged for fourteen years. An obsequious jury brought him in guilty, and the gallant Surrey, in the flower of his age, perished on the block, the last victim of the tyrant who expired only a few days afterwards. No English historian has been found to defend this judicial murder. It forms one of the basest among those deeds which have rendered the royal murder of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Surrey, and so many other noble victims, an object of detestation to all succeeding times.

The Earl of Surrey was only thirty-one years of age

when he was thus prematurely cut off. Amid the active life of court and camp, we need not wonder to find his compositions very limited in number; and even the best of these we owe to hours of forced leisure during one of his imprisonments at Windsor Castle. But in these few compositions he went far in advance of all his contemporaries or immediate predecessors. He introduced novelties of measure and a dignity of style unknown before; and he has, moreover, the distinguished honour of having been the first poet who introduced blank verse into the language. He was cut off too early to allow us fair means of judging of what he might have achieved as a poet, but he has done enough amply to vindicate his claim to a place among the great poets of the Elizabethan age, of whom he was the first; appearing like a morning star in its gray dawn.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BORN, 1552; DIED, 1618.

RALEIGH, though claiming a place among the poets of England, occupies a far more prominent place in history as a statesman, a soldier, a navigator, and colonist. His life, indeed, has all the interest of a romance, added to the stern force of reality. He was the second son of a gentleman of ancient family in Devonshire, and early won the favour of Queen Elizabeth, no less by his fine figure and gallant bearing than by the sterling qualities of his mind. After performing various military and diplomatic services for his royal mistress, he obtained permission to set out on the voyage of discovery which

led to the colonization of Virginia, and was the immediate means of introducing both tobacco and potatoes into Europe. In 1597 Raleigh filled the high office of rear-admiral, and as such sailed with Essex to intercept the Spanish West India fleet; and he continued to receive many tokens of royal favour till the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603. On the accession of James I., however, he immediately fell into disgrace, the king's mind having been poisoned against him by Cecil, and other rivals. The precise cause of the mean and rancorous hatred evinced by that monarch towards him has never been satisfactorily explained; but his long imprisonment and base execution cast an indelible stigma on the memory of their royal perpetrator. Raleigh's conduct in prison and on the scaffold exhibit a rare mixture of firmness and resignation. His works pertain to nearly every branch of literature, and his "History of the World," published in 1614, far surpasses any preceding historical work in the English language.

EDMUND SPENSER.

BORN, 1553; DIED, 1598.

EDMUND SPENSER, one of the world's poets, who takes his high place among the few selected from the great of every age, whom we look up to as the instructors of all times, occupies a very different place as a poet from that of any of those whose names have heretofore been noticed. Claiming descent from a noble English family, Gibbon, the historian, justly remarks: "The nobility of the Spensers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider

the 'Færie Queene' as the most precious jewel in their coronet." The immediate progenitors of Spenser, however, were, it is believed, in a humble position. Various contradictory accounts have been published of his parentage, and even the year of his birth is not quite certainly established; but among the varied allusions to himself which occur in his works, he repeatedly refers to his claims of kindred with people of rank, and we find him at all times taking his just place, as on a perfect equality, with the noble born of the Maiden Queen's proud court, not by right of his genius, but simply as an English gentleman. The place of his birth was East Smithfield, London, and his early education was, in all probability, pursued there, with such advantages as the available ecclesiastical seminaries of old London afforded. In 1569, when Spenser was in his sixteenth year, he was admitted as a sizar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and in 1576 he took his degree as master of arts. He then retired into the north of England, where he is supposed to have found an engagement as tutor in the family of one of his noble relatives. It was there that his "Shepherd's Calendar" was composed, and there also he became attached to the lady whom he addresses in that poem under the name of Rosaline. The suit of the poet was not, however, responded to by the lady, and this in all probability decided his return to London, where he was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, and through the influence of his brother-poet he obtained the patronage of the Earl of Leicester, and had the office of Poet-Laureat bestowed on him by Queen Elizabeth. The favours thus honourably conferred on the poet were viewed with jealousy by the eminent but illiberal statesman Lord Burleigh, and it was the poet's misfortune to become the object of his implacable enmity.

Notwithstanding the ungenerous conduct of Lord Burleigh, which has been made the subject of indignant animadversion by every biographer of the poet, it cannot be justly affirmed that he experienced neglect. He was only twenty-six years of age, and had not yet formed the idea of that noble poem on which his fame chiefly depends, when he entered on the enjoyment of his office (as poet-laureat), and was thus rewarded in his special character as a poet. In 1579, he was despatched by Leicester on a mission to France; and in the following year he accompanied Lord Grey de Wilton to Ireland as his secretary, on his receiving the appointment of Lord Lieutenant. He returned to England with Lord Grey in 1582, but four years afterwards he again visited Ireland, to take possession of one of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, in the county of Cork, amounting to above 3000 acres of land, which had been presented to him by his sovereign. There he took up his residence in Kilcolman Castle, and in the course of the eleven following years, which he passed chiefly in Ireland, he composed his immortal "Færie Queen." In this noble retreat he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he celebrates under the poetical figure of the "Shepherd of the Ocean," and it was by his urgent advice that Spenser was induced to prepare the first three books of his great poem for publication. In the interval between the publication of the earlier portion and the completion of the rest of this national work, Spenser visited England in company with his friend Raleigh, and paid his court to Queen Elizabeth, to whom his poem was dedicated. There he received new rewards and honours, and had an additional pension of £50 a-year conferred on him by his royal mistress. Four years afterwards he married his wife Elizabeth, a

country girl, as is believed, of humble birth, who had smitten the poet's fancy, and with her he renewed his residence in the old castle of the Desmonds, with the addition to his honours and duties of the office of Sheriff of Cork, to which he was recommended by her Majesty.

Thus did fortune and royal favour seem to smile propitiously on the great poet, when the Tyrone rebellion broke out in the year 1598. His estate was plundered, and his house burned by the rebels. One of his children perished in the flames, and he was driven to flee with his wife to England, in a state of extreme destitution. From the effects of this dire calamity he never recovered. He suffered alike from dejection of mind, and, as is believed, from all the evils of poverty; and at length died, the same year, in the forty-fifth year of his age, in an obscure lodging in London. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, beside the grave of Chaucer; and the expenses of his funeral were defrayed by the Earl of Essex.

So sad and premature a close to the life of so great and justly esteemed a poet, has been made the subject of many lamentations, as well as of some severe animadversions on his contemporaries. But it has been justly remarked by Mr. George Ellis, that "the period during which our amiable poet was condemned

'To fret his soul with crosses and with cares,
'To eat his heart with comfortless despair,'

was not very long protracted, since he began to enjoy the advantages of public office at the age of twenty-six, and at thirty-three was rewarded by an ample and independent fortune, of which he was only deprived by a general and national calamity." Still more, it must be remem-

bered that he did not survive long enough to receive permanent compensation for losses in which so many were involved besides himself. It cannot be doubted that, had he lived, he would once more have partaken of the royal favour, so generously bestowed on him in earlier years, and which was extended by Queen Elizabeth to the great men of that remarkable era which still bears her name, with a liberality as strikingly contrasting with her general economy, as with the ill-directed profusion of her successor. The writings of Spenser, though involved in the obscurity of elaborate allegories, and further encumbered by an obsolete diction, have been acknowledged by the poets of every succeeding age as an inexhaustible source of rich imagery and the finest poetic fancy. They are characterized, moreover, by a pure and elevated tone of morals, and a fervent spirit of piety, worthy to be the embodiment of the grand ideal of that age in which the religious and intellectual freedom of England had its rise.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BORN, 1554; DIED, 1586.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was privileged to be the early patron and friend of Spenser, while he himself forms one of the brightest ornaments of the Elizabethan age; though, like the Earl of Surrey, prematurely cut off when he had seemed only to give the promise of fruits worthy of his great genius. He was born at Penhurst, in Kent, on the 29th of November 1554, his father being Sir Henry Sidney, a favourite at the court of Edward VI., and his mother, the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of Northum-

berland, and sister to Robert Dudley, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. When only twelve years of age, the remarkable intelligence and mature thoughtfulness of the boy attracted notice. In 1569, he was entered as a student at Christ Church, Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself, during a residence of three years. He then proceeded on a tour, continued during upwards of two years, in which he visited France, Belgium, Germany, Hungary, and Italy, and formed an acquaintance with many of the most distinguished continental scholars. His noble person, highly accomplished mind, and fascinating manners, soon won the favour of Queen Elizabeth, and he was speedily recognised as one of the chief ornaments of her brilliant court. His first literary production was a masque, entitled "The Lady of May," which was performed for the gratification of the Queen, at Hampstead House, in Essex. We next find him filling various offices of trust, and proceeding on an important mission as her Majesty's ambassador to the court of Vienna. Thus did the duties of the state and the services of the muse gracefully harmonize under the rule of England's greatest queen.

Sidney's heroic romance of "Arcadia" was written during a temporary retirement from court; "Astrophel and Stella" was published in 1591; and in 1595, his most popular composition, the "Defence of Poesy," appeared. Having been disappointed in an ardent attachment formed for Lady Penelope Devereux, she figures in various of his poems and sonnets; and is addressed, according to the fashion of the age, under the fictitious names of Stella and Philoclea. Soon after, he married the only daughter of his old friend, Sir Henry Walsingham, and received from the Queen the honour of knighthood. But the poets of that age were no studious dreamers. Along with Sir

Francis Drake, he projected an expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies; but was prevented joining in it from the unwillingness of the Queen to lose his society; and the same reason is believed to have prevented him accepting the crown of Poland. But the singular care of Elizabeth could not preserve the brave and gallant Sidney from the fate of war. In 1585, she appointed him governor of Flushing, as a special mark of her royal favour, and the Hollanders being then at war with Spain, he headed a body of troops, in an engagement fought under the walls of Zutphen, in Guelderland, and was mortally wounded by a musket-shot in the thigh. The well-known incident which marked the chivalrous courtesy of the dying poet has often been told. He was about to quench the extreme thirst which the feverishness of his mortal wound augmented, when he saw a poor wounded soldier borne past who cast a wistful eye on the bottle of water. So soon as Sidney perceived this, he handed the untasted draught to his poor comrade in arms, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." So died the gallant, the chivalrous, the noble Sidney, in the thirty-second year of his age, leaving a name not unworthy to occupy a prominent place among the famous men of that age of giant intellects.

The names of GEORGE CHAPMAN, SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, SAMUEL DANIEL, ROBERT SOUTHWELL, JOSHUA SYLVESTER, and sundry other poets, all born within a very few years of the birth-date of the author of the "Arcadia," are still remembered with favour in connection with the productions of their muse. But we pass over all these to turn to him whom his great contemporary, Ben Jonson, so justly characterizes as "the soul of the age."

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

BORN, 1564; DIED, 1616.

It is a singular fact, that, though Shakspeare appears to have been scarcely less appreciated by the great contemporaries who, with him, constitute the chief stars in the Elizabethan era of literature, than he has been by every succeeding age, the materials for his biography are of the most meagre and scanty description. His father, though claiming descent from a respectable line of English yeomanry, appears to have been a plain grazier and wool-dealer at Stratford-on-Avon, which his great son has rendered so world-famous to all time. What little we do know of Shakspeare is satisfactory. His father, though in a humble sphere, was neither poor nor straitened in circumstances, and we may presume that the boyhood of the great poet passed pleasantly in the kindly duties and healthful recreations of rural life. In 1582, he married Anne Hathaway, when only eighteen years of age, and soon after he incurred the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy, a neighbouring justice, by not only shooting his deer, but following up the misdeed by lampooning this "Justice Shallow" in a satirical ballad, which he affixed to his park gate. The consequence of this youthful imprudence was his hasty removal to London, where his first occupation is believed to have been the very humble one of a prompter's call-boy. That Shakspeare, however, was no wild or dissipated poacher, is sufficiently shown by his after career. He appears, from all we learn of him, to have been a man of shrewd worldly sagacity, who, if born in a higher rank, would have become a great statesman, and ruled the destinies of nations instead of depicting

their historic incidents for the mimicry of the stage. From his first humble position he rose by sheer dint of genius, combined with wise prudence and self-control, to be an actor, and then proprietor and manager, of the Globe Theatre. From this, our great dramatist retired with a fortune equal to about £800 or £900 a-year, and, returning to his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, he passed the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of the ease and comfort which he had so honourably secured for himself.

The poet died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, having then completed his fifty-second year, and was interred in the chancel of the beautiful parish church on the banks of the Avon, whither pilgrims from every part of the world have since flocked to gaze with interest on the hallowed spot. It may be said, with the strictest justice, to be impossible to form too high an estimate of Shakspeare, or to place too great a value on the influence which he has exercised on the literature, and the moral and intellectual character, of this country in every succeeding age. He lived in an era of great intellects, and was surrounded by contemporaries far before him in the advantages which depend on education and worldly position; and possessed of genius such as would have seemed pre-eminent in almost every other age or country; but the greatest of them appears mean alongside of Shakspeare. "To me," says the great German critic, Schlegel, "Shakspeare appears a profound artist, and not a blind and wildly luxuriant genius. In such poets as are usually considered careless pupils of nature, I have always found, on a closer examination, when they have produced works of real excellence, a distinguished cultivation of the mental powers, practice in art, and views worthy in themselves,

and maturely considered. That idea of poetic inspiration, as if poets were not in their senses, but like the Pythia, when possessed by the divinity, delivered oracles unintelligible to themselves, is least of all applicable to dramatic composition—one of the productions of the human mind which requires the greatest exercise of thought. It is universally admitted that Shakspeare reflected, and deeply reflected, on character and passion, on the progress of events and human destinies, on the human constitution, on all the things and relations of this world. Shakspeare's knowledge of mankind has become proverbial; in this his superiority is so great, that he has justly been called the master of the human heart. Never, perhaps, was so comprehensive a talent for characterization possessed by any other man." Coleridge, with like high sense of the great poet's pre-eminent worth, declares that a life's study, instead of enabling him to exhaust the intellectual treasures of his works, only taught him to discover new and unexpected beauties. He further adds: "After thirty years of unintermitting and not fruitless study, of the Greek, Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, and German belles lettres, and the last fifteen years, in addition, employed far more intensely in the analysis of the laws of life and reason, as they exist in man; upon every step I have made forward in taste, in acquisition of facts from history or my own observation, and in knowledge of the different laws of being,—at every new accession of information—after every successful exercise of meditation, and every fresh presentation of experience, I have unfailingly discovered a proportionate increase of wisdom and intuition in Shakspeare." It would be easy to multiply quotations such as these, to show how universally the great men of later ages have acknowledged the pre-

eminent power of genius which the writings of Shakspeare display. It may, indeed, be almost employed as a test of the intellectual powers of others; for in proportion as the poet or critic's own genius excels, in like degree does he surpass others in his appreciation of the world-poet, the "thousand-souled Shakspeare." He is the greatest genius of perhaps the very greatest of all those remarkable periods which are observed to recur at distant intervals in the history of our race, when the human mind makes abrupt and gigantic strides, as if suddenly awakening from a long sleep, in which its strength had been passively maturing for the effort. The age of Elizabeth we have already referred to as such an epoch. In it genius displayed itself in many ways, and in all of them men of a ripe and rare standard of excellence arose to set an example to all times. In an especial manner it was the epoch of English dramatic poetry; and beginning as it did during the reign of that Queen, in the purest infantile efforts of the English stage, it had attained to such a mastery before her death, that the greatest and best of our succeeding dramatists can be regarded as little else than the more successful imitators of the Elizabethan dramatists. Of those who, with Shakspeare, constituted this wonderful galaxy of genius—

"Those shining stars that run
Their glorious course round Shakspeare's golden sun,"

a very brief summary must suffice here; though the distinction to which their genius entitles them well merits all the admiration which their works have ever since continued to command.

The great dramatic poets who rank as the contemporaries and competitors of Shakspeare are, Ben Johnson,

Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger. Their circumstances in life greatly differed, and each of them manifested, as a writer, peculiarities of his, though in the case of two of them—Beaumont and Fletcher—we have the remarkable example of men of independent genius labouring together with so much unity of purpose, and so total an absence of jealousy or personal ambition, that critics have since in vain tried, either from external or internal evidence, to discriminate between the several parts of their conjoint productions.

Ten years after the birth of Shakspeare, while the boy was still by the banks of the Avon, sporting in happy thoughtlessness of the great future which lay before him, BEN JONSON was born at Westminster, about a month after the death of his father, a clergyman, who had been a sufferer on account of his opinions. The career of this poet was a singular one. He was placed at a grammar school in Westminster, and early showed signs of the great talent which he possessed; but his mother having married a bricklayer, he was taken by his stepfather from school to assist him in his humble vocation. Both his application and his acquirements as a student must have been great, as we learn from one of his biographers, that Sir Walter Raleigh, having heard with regret of a lad of genius being forced to practise such humble mechanical toil, evinced a great interest in him, and sent him, in company with his son, to the continent as a tutor or travelling companion. His temper, which was quick and fiery, was not well suited for such a post; and finding its duties alike repugnant to his taste and feelings, he entered the military service as a volunteer, and fought against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. He is reputed to have displayed great bravery during his brief military career, and on one occa-

sion killed an enemy in single combat. On the close of the campaign, he relinquished the military profession, and returning to England, resolved to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. Feeling greatly the deficiency of his acquirements as a scholar, he entered St-John's College, Cambridge; but his funds were soon exhausted, and, leaving college, he had recourse to the stage, not in the first place as an author, but an actor. The most memorable incident of this period of his career, was a quarrel with one of his brother performers, ending in a duel, in which his antagonist was killed, and he himself severely wounded. He was imprisoned in consequence, and narrowly escaped with his life. A second time we find him in prison, in consequence of his share in a satirical comedy, called "Eastwood Hoe," which gave great offence to the Court. It is now interesting to us chiefly as bringing under our notice the authors who united with Jonson in its production. These were Chapman and Marston, neither of whom can, however, claim a very high rank as dramatists. The latter, indeed, though the abler of the two, figures in no very honourable guise, as the Crispinus of Jonson's satirical poetaster. It is no slight evidence of Jonson's assiduous study, that he was noted by his best critics no less for his learning than his genius. He had the usual amount of self-conceit which is rarely found wanting in self-taught men, and was brought by it into frequent collisions with his contemporaries, who loved to mortify his pride. Along with great warmth of temper, however, he was capable of displaying the most generous friendship, and he displayed altogether such varied talent, and so much wit, fancy, and prolific invention, as amply justifies the laconic, but most expressive inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey:—

"O! rare Ben Jonson." He ranks, indeed, next to Shakspeare, but the difference between amply serves to show the pre-eminent grandeur of the latter compared with all others.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, the twin-dramatists of this remarkable era, both enjoyed all the advantages of good birth and early education. Beaumont's father was a judge of the Common Pleas, and after completing his studies at Cambridge, he entered the Middle Temple, as a student of law. It does not seem probable that he ever made any very great progress in his legal studies. He was only in his twenty-first year when the first play was produced, the joint labour of Fletcher and him, who lived together till the marriage of the former. On the 6th of March 1615, Beaumont died at the early age of thirty. His remains were interred at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey; but no inscription points out his tomb to the wanderer through that shrine, so richly strewn with the dust of the mighty dead.

Fletcher survived his brother poet ten years. He was cut off by the plague in 1625, at the age of forty-nine, so that he was considerably the senior of his friend. He claimed, however, no supremacy, but generously put the younger poet's name the first, in all the publications of their joint labours after the death of his associate. They contributed conjointly upwards of fifty tragedies, comedies, and other works, to the poetic literature of the age. Fletcher was the son of the Bishop of London, and received the full advantages of a university education at Cambridge; but we know about as little of him as of the great dramatist with whom it is not his least honour to be permitted to rank as a contemporary and competitor for fame.

The fourth of these contemporaries of Shakspeare is PHILIP MASSINGER, the son of a dependent of the Earl of Pembroke. Through the influence of the latter he was educated at Oxford, but on leaving the university, which he did abruptly, he entered on a life of almost uninterrupted privation and struggle, his patron the earl having died when he was in his sixteenth year, and his father when he was twenty. He was driven by his necessities to the stage for support, and little as we know of him, that little justifies the darkest surmises as to his life of poverty and sorrow. In Dulwich College, Malone discovered by accident a letter subscribed by him, along with two other dramatic poets, craving an advance of five pounds from a manager, to save them from the horrors of a jail. His rapidity of composition was remarkable, and there is good reason for believing that many of his plays have been lost. Of his private life we know nothing, save that it was one of incessant poverty. Yet there is no reason for believing that this arose from any follies or vices of his own, but more probably from an extreme diffidence and modesty, which even led him to write for others, and allow them to reap the entire credit of such productions, rather than trust to his own merits, or seek to establish a reputation for himself. Campbell justly remarks of him: "While his dedications bespeak incessant distress and dependence, the recommendatory poems prefixed to his plays address him with attributes of virtue, which are seldom lavished with flattery or falsehood on those who are poor." His life of painful struggle with adversity suddenly terminated in his fifty-sixth year, when he retired, in apparent health, and was found dead in bed next morning. He was buried in St. Saviour's Church, London. No stone nor inscription marks the spot, but a

record in the parish registry has this melancholy and too graphic entry, "Philip Massinger, a stranger." So closed his sad career. One of his biographers remarks of him : "All the writers of his life unite in representing him as a man of singular candour, modesty, gentleness, and affability, nor does it appear that he ever made or found an enemy." He seems, in so far as we may now surmise, to have been one of those amiable, unpractical, and shy retiring men, who suffer in silence, and are utterly incapable of successfully fighting the battle of life. Others of his literary contemporaries had to struggle and to suffer. But his whole life seems to have been one long sorrowful pang—a winter with no show of warmth, and no single gleam of sunshine. And as his age, amid its abundant intellectual wealth, left him thus to die a neglected stranger, so posterity seemed equally careless of him. For upwards of seventy years his name was scarcely heard of; and yet, in our own day, Hallam has not hesitated to pronounce him the equal of Jonson in the higher comedy.

Shakspeare's dramatic writings, though so noble in the prevailing tone of their moral strength and virtue, are not free from some of the impurities of thought which appear to have been tolerated in his age in a way we have happily little conception of now. But those who may have been pained by such blemishes in the writings of England's greatest poet, will return to them with a sense of their purity, according to the standard of his day, after a perusal of those now mentioned as his contemporaries. Next to him, Massinger is the best; but all of them are frequently gross and indelicate; and the plots of Beaumont and Fletcher especially frequently indicate a purposed coarseness, which greatly detracts from their other merits. This indelicacy of thought and grossness

of language is a blot on these earlier dramatists of England, which has not been without its influence on their successors; yet, from amid works marred by such blemishes, much beautiful and lofty poetry may be extracted, proving their just claims to be named along with him who stands forth so pre-eminently the poet of all times.

In succession to these masculine writers by whom the modern English drama was established in the form which it continues to assume in our own day, we shall now briefly notice the class of poets who, though reckoned under the general head of Elizabethan Poets, would, under a stricter and more minute subdivision, be classified under the head of the "Stuart Poets." Their appearance dates, for the most part, in the reign of James I., and the majority of them figure more or less prominently in the reign of his unfortunate son, Charles I. They include writers of sweet, graceful, and lively fancy, but generally of inferior power or compass of thought to those already noted as the founders of our national drama. As one of the sweetest and most graceful of this class of writers, may be mentioned DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, the son of Sir John Drummond, a descendant of one of the most illustrious Scottish families. He was through life a devoted adherent to Charles I., and his death, which took place ten months after the execution of the king, is believed to have been the result of his deep grief at his royal master's death.

William Drummond was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, to which he subsequently added the advantages of travel, and studied civil law for a time at Bourges in France. From this he returned to Scotland in 1610, and entered on the possession of the

beautiful and romantic estate of Hawthornden, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, which is still visited with interest as the favourite haunt of one of Scotland's sweetest poets, and where he entertained Ben Jonson, and others of his most distinguished contemporaries. The death of a lady, remarkable no less for her beauty than for rare mental accomplishments, just when the day for her wedding the poet had been fixed, proved a bitter trial to him, and has given a pathetic and mournful cast to much of his verse. He sought relief from this despondency in change of scene, and spent eight years travelling on the continent. During his travels he made a valuable collection of books and manuscripts in various languages, which he afterwards presented to the University of Edinburgh. He was a man of great and varied learning, and his poetry abounds with vigorous thought, as well as graceful and pleasing fancy. His sonnets are peculiarly beautiful, and may stand comparison with those of any other poet who has woven his thoughts into the same artificial, yet most graceful constraints.

The poets of this period are singularly mixed up with its political changes. Drummond was a keen, and, indeed, a bigoted royalist. HERRICK and KING, as clergymen, were deprived of their livings during the Commonwealth, and restored to them by Charles II. FRANCIS QUARLES, the author of the "Divine Emblems," had his property sequestered, and his books burned, by order of the Parliament, in consequence of publishing a book entitled the "Loyal Convert." RICHARD CRASHAW lost his fellowship at Peter House, Cambridge, and was driven into exile in 1644, for refusing to sign the Solemn League and Covenant. SHIRLEY, the dramatist, found "his occupation gone," when in 1642 the Long Parliament prohibited all

performance of plays, and he was compelled to betake himself to the occupation of a schoolmaster. EDMUND WALLER figures still more, though with less credit to himself, as a sharer in the political changes of the day. So well did he trim his sails to suit the changes of the times, that Charles II., while accepting graciously his congratulatory address on his happy restoration, could not miss the opportunity of reminding him that his panegyric on Cromwell had been a finer poem. The courtly poet, however, was a match for the witty monarch, and replied with ingenious effrontery, "Poets, sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth!" But the poet of the seventeenth century, great as a politician, and as a distinguished statesman of the Commonwealth of England, and as a poet equalled by few indeed of the noblest of all ages, is the author of the "Paradise Lost."

JOHN MILTON.

BORN, 1608; DIED, 1674.

THE name of Milton is one of which England may well be proud, as that of one of her worthiest sons. Even had he written no single line of poetry, his noble and disinterested labours in the cause of liberty would suffice to establish his claims to the gratitude of all times. The stern gravity of his great poem was in perfect consistency with his own character. His father was of an ancient Roman Catholic family, and had been disinherited for adopting the Protestant faith. His upright independence was proved by holding fast to the true faith, which he had adopted at such sacrifice, and finding for himself an

honest maintenance as a copier of legal documents, or a scrivener, as it was then called. He was not only fond of music, but a composer of undoubted excellence. We perceive, therefore, how much the tastes as well as principles of his greatly gifted son were formed under the influence of this worthy father. This was still further strengthened by the selection, for his tutor, of Thomas Young, a Puritan clergyman, under whose efficient care he remained till he was sent to St. Paul's School, at the age of fifteen. From thence he passed to Christ's College, Cambridge, two years after, and he has left sufficient evidence that he fully availed himself of all the advantages thus placed in his power for the ample gratification of a thirst for knowledge. Before leaving college, he composed his beautiful "Hymn to the Nativity," and during the succeeding five years which he passed under his father's roof at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, he wrote his "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso"—poems abounding in beauties of the very highest order, and amply sufficient of themselves to have secured for him an enduring place among the great poets of his country. On the death of his mother, in 1637, he left England and travelled for fifteen months in France, Switzerland, and Italy, receiving everywhere the honours already accorded to his growing fame. At Paris he was introduced to Grotius, who was residing in the French capital as ambassador from the Queen of Sweden; and at Rome he obtained access to the great Galileo, in the prison of the Inquisition—a sight well calculated to give new force to all his detestation of spiritual thralldom and priestly intolerance. Nor did he conceal his opinions, although he thereby gave such offence to the Jesuits of Rome as exposed him to some danger from their malice.

The important political events transpiring in England, when Charles I. formed the rash purpose of forcing the religious system and ritual of Land on the Scottish nation, induced Milton to return home. He had been designed by his father for the church, and it was afterwards desired that he should devote himself to the study of the law; but to both of these he had insurmountable objections, and he now established himself as a classical teacher in London. While pursuing the duties of this new vocation, he was not inattentive to the great political events which were transpiring, and in 1641 he commenced his remarkable series of political writings, by the publication of his celebrated work, entitled, "Of Reformation touching Church Government in England, and the Causes that have hitherto hindered it." His object has been well stated by a modern critic to have been "the attainment of civil liberty, tempered and cemented by the principles of religion. He had no party but his country, and his creed was Christianity." Many good men have differed from some of the opinions which he advanced with earnest fearlessness in the powerful writings with which he followed up this first blow in the cause of freedom; but the grand and essential points which he aimed to secure, are those which have since been recognised by his countrymen as the very elements of liberty's vitality—the full exercise of private judgment, freedom of thought, and an unfettered press. The effect which his writings produced was prodigious. He stirred up the heart of the nation like the sound of the trumpet to men in battle array, and largely aided in promoting that great cause of liberty of which we now reap the best fruits.

In the crisis of the revolution which followed, Milton

did not shrink from the largest responsibility. On the execution of Charles I. he published a remarkable tract on the nature of the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which he maintained the lawfulness of calling a wicked king to account, and punishing him for his evil deeds. He had engaged in the preparation of a history of England, and had made some progress with it when he was appointed by Oliver Cromwell as his Latin secretary. While filling this important office, Milton wrote his famous "Defence of the People of England," as well as other of his most celebrated political writings. He also composed the noble letters by which the majesty of England's Commonwealth arrested the persecution of the Waldensian Christians.

On the restoration of Charles II., Milton's "Defence of the People of England" was burnt by the common hangman, and he narrowly escaped the mean vengeance of the triumphant royalists. But though blind, old, and now straitened in circumstances, Milton was the same lion-hearted man that he had been when his own party was triumphant, and fortune filled his sails. He refused to accept of any employment under the new government. Undaunted by poverty and blindness, he commenced that great work which he trusted "posterity would not willingly let die," and finished in five years the "Paradise Lost," justly pronounced by Dryden to be one of the "greatest, most noble, and sublime poems which any nation has produced." Notwithstanding the temper of the times, the nation was not insensible to the value of this great work, and when we consider that, in addition to the unpopularity of its author with all the most wealthy and influential men of the era of the Restoration, and the unattractive aspect of a long and elaborate poem

in blank verse to the ordinary mass of readers, we cannot but regard it as singularly creditable to the age and country, that the venerable poet lived to revise its second edition, and that, within eleven years from the date of its publication, three thousand copies had been purchased. Milton died on the 8th of November 1674, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, leaving a memory of which his country may justly be proud. His private virtue was no less than his great genius, learning, and wonderful intellectual vigour. No mean political tergiversation stains his great name. He advocated liberty at first, "for the purpose of helping the Puritans, who were inferior to the prelates in learning;" and when fortune had again changed, and the fickle populace were revelling in their acclamations at the "restoration of legitimacy," he remained true to the cause of liberty, and died nobler in his poverty than if the treasures of England had been expended in weaving laurels for his brow. With Milton closes one great epoch of England's intellectual harvest-time. That which succeeded to it, amid all its scintillations of genius, was an era of little men, when placed alongside of those who constitute the giant intellects of England's literary peers during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

POETS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

SPRING.

THE sweet season that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes fleet with new-repaired scale :
The adder all her slough away she flings,
The swift swallow pursues the flies small,
The busy bee her honey now she mings,
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
And thus I see, among those pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

HOWARD.

THE MEANS OF A HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these I find,
The riches left, not got with pain ;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ; .
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
The night discharged of all care ;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
Contented with thine own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

HOWARD.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation ;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
While my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven.

RALEIGH.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN HIS BIBLE THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

E'EN such is time, which takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust ;
 Which in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days ;
 But from which grave, and earth, and dust,
 The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

RALEIGH.

UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight ;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight ;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside : her angel's face,
 As the great eye of Heaven, shined bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood :
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,

To have at once devoured her tender corpse :
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue ;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion ;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate :—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life ! why hath he me abhorred ?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;
And sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortune hard :
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared :
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

SPENSER.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: But O, the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

SPENSER.

VERULAM.

FROM THE RUINS OF TIME.

I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes as ye see :
Verlame I was ; what boots it what I was,
Since now I am but woods and wasteful grass ?

Oh, vain world's glory, and unsteadfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinful earth,
Which, from their first until their utmost date,
Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth,
But like as, at the ingate of their birth,
They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
So, wailing, back go to their woeful tomb.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain ?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

Look back who list unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become ;
Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum ?
Where those great warriors which did overcome

The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one meer of th' earth and of their reign?

What now is of the Assyrian Lioness,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian Bear's outrageousness,
Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
That overran the East with greedy power,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

And where is that same great Seven-headed beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her behest,
And in the neck of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her own weight down pressed now she lies,
And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

Oh Rome! thy ruin I lament and rue,
And, in thy fall, my fatal overthrow,
That whilom was, whilst Heavens with equal view
Deigned to behold me, and their gifts bestow,
The picture of thy pride in pompous show;
And of the whole world, as thou wast the Empress,
So I of this small northern world was Princess.

To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
Adorned with purest gold and precious stone;
To tell my riches and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
To tell my forces matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would believe,
And with rehearsing would me more aggrieve.

High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
All those, oh pity! now are turned to rust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's dust!

SPENSER.

THE BRIDE.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long, loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before!

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with Beauty's grace and Virtue's store!
Her goodly eyes like sapphires, shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whilst ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring!

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree.
Much more, then, would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished, like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.

There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty.
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once seen these, her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love ;
Open them wide that she may enter in ;
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view.
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience
When so ye come unto those holy places
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make :
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes :
The whilst, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

SPENSER.

TO THE MOON.

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies !
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What ! may it be, that e'en in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrow tries !

Sure if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
I read it in thy looks ; thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there—ungratefulness ?

SIDNEY.

EPITHALAMION.

COME, come, dear Night ! Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses ;
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.

O come, soft rest of cares ! come, Night,
Come, naked virtue's only 'tire,
The reaped harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire :

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's out-facing face ;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace.

No need have we of factious day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Herbals of discord in thy way ;
Her beauty's day can never cease.

Rise, youths ! Love's rite claims more than banquets, rise !
 Now the bright marigolds that deck the skies,
 Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
 To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
 And shuts when he does open, crown your sports !
 Now, Love in Night, and Night in Love, exports
 Courtship and dances ; all your parts employ,
 And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy :
 Love paints his longings in sweet virgin's eyes ;
 Rise, youths ! Love's rite claims more than banquets, rise !

CHAPMAN.

TIME GOES BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
 Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor every spring,
 Not endless night, yet not eternal day :
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay :

Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand :
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant ;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood,
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good :
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
How manhood shakes off pity,
And virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

SOUTHWELL.

NOBLE PATRONAGE OF LEARNING.

You mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand ;
Keep a right course ; bear up from all disgrace ;
Observe the point of glory to our land :

Hold up disgraced Knowledge from the ground ;
Keep Virtue in request ; give Worth her due ;
Let not Neglect with barbarous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night a-new ;
Be not, O be not accessory found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid ?—
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure ?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betrayed
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure ?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer ?

No, no ; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mockeries of vainglory rend,
And make them (as before) ungraced, unknown :
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own !

DANIEL.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above the sceptred away,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute of God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet, nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew ;
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and you away.
As with your shadow I with these did

VANITY OF POWER.

No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war ;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;
Some poisoned by their wives ; some sleeping killed ;
All murdered :—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable ; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while ;
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends : subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king ?

SHAKSPEARE.

SONNET.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed ;
And every fair from fair some time declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath marked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

SHAKSPEARE.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FINICAL FOP.

BUT, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home :
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
Who, wherewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :—and still he smiled and talked ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold

To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered, neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark),
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier !

SHAKESPEARE.

APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness !
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody :
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds ; and leavest the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell !

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king !

SHAKSPEARE.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars of women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

WOTTON.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed ;
Lady, it is to be presumed—
Though art's hid causes are not found—
All is not sweet, all is not sound !

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free !
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

JONSON.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THIS morning, timely wrapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honour, serve, and love ; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great ;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride ;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her ; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My muse bade Bedford write, and that was she !

JONSON.

THE PLEASURES OF HEAVEN.

THERE all the happy souls that ever were,
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre ;
And each shall know there one another's face,
By beatific virtue of the place.
There shall the brother with the sister walk,
And sons and daughters with their parents talk ;

But all of God : they still shall have to say,
But make him all in all their theme that day ;
That happy day that never shall see night !
Where he will be all beauty to the sight ;
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste ;
A music in the ears will ever last ;
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm ;
And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm.
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the Union and the Trinity !
That holy, great, and glorious mystery,
Will there revealed be in majesty,
By light and comfort of spiritual grace ;
The vision of our Saviour face to face,
In his humanity ! to hear him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach,
Through his inherent righteousness in death,
The safety of our souls and forfeit breath !
What fulness of beatitude is here !
What love with mercy mixed doth appear !
To style us friends, who were by nature foes !
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
Had lost ourselves ; and prodigally spent
Our native portions and possessed rent !
Yet have all debts forgiven us ; an advance
By imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.

JONSON.

CONSOLATION OF EARLY DEATH.

SWEET prince, the name of Death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent
Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,
A gall of heart, but to a guilty conscience:
Whilst we stand fair, though by a two-edged storm
We find untimely falls, like early roses,
Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweetness.
When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes cross us,
How sweetly do we show when sleep steals on us!
When we grow great, but our affection greater,
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us,
And tug and pull, yet still we find a giant:
Had we not then the privilege to sleep
Our everlasting sleep, he would make us idiots.
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives; and though their tombs want tongues,
Yet have they eyes that daily sweat their losses,
And such a tear from stone no time can value.
To die both young and good are Nature's curses,
As the world says; ask Truth, they are bounteous blessings;
For then we reach at Heaven, in our full virtues,
And fix ourselves new stars, crowned with our goodness.

BEAUMONT.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold, and fear,
What a change of flesh is here!

Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones :
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands.
Where from their pulpits sealed in dust,
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died.
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

BEAUMONT.

FROM "THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS."

OH do not wrong my honest simple truth !
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian : only my intent
To draw you hither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free

From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom ; many a troth
Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given.
By this fresh fountain, many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gandy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.

FLETCHER.

THE CONDITION OF KINGS.

WHEREFORE pay you
This adoration to a sinful creature ?
I am flesh and blood, as you are, sensible
Of heat and cold, as much a slave unto
The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest
Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes,
By oil-tongued flattery imposed upon us
As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,
The deputy of heaven, and in that
Omnipotent, with all false titles else,
Coined to abuse our frailty, though compounded,
And by the breath of sycophants applied,
Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.
We may give poor men riches, confer honours
On undeservers, raise, or ruin such
As are beneath us, and, with this puffed up,
Ambition would persuade us to forget
That we are men : but He that sits above us,
And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are

But pageant properties, derides our weakness :
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.
Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
That bow unto my sceptre ! or restore
My mind to that tranquillity and peace
It then enjoyed !

MASSINGER.

EFFECTS OF ARISTOCRATIC TYRANNY.

BRIEFLY thus, then,
Since I must speak for all ; your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters ! when they numbered
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them ! when their labours
Were cherished and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings ; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance ! all things ordered
With such decorum as wise lawmakers,
From each well-governed private house derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory ; old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.

The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
 Marble, hewed for the temples of the gods,
 The great work ended, were dismissed, and fed
 At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
 Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
 Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
 Since pride stepped in and riot, and o'erturned
 This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
 To glory in the abuse of such as are
 Brought under their command; who, grown unuseful,
 Are less esteemed than beasts.—This you have practised,
 Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
 To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
 Of these just grievances be not granted us,
 We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
 What we are now possessed of.

MASSINGER.

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

THrice happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clam'rous world, doth live his own;
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love:
 O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
 O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath:
 How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold:

The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights,
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

DRUMMOND.

CONSTANCY OF CHANGE.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth :
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise,
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,
Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days :
Nothing is constant but inconstant change ;
What's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range :
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon ;
Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

DRUMMOND.

BEAUTY AND FLOWERS.

TRUST not, sweet soul ! those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow !
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow !
Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enrolled :
Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my woe
When first I did their azure rays behold ;
Nor voice, whose sound more strange effects do show

Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose !
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice !
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes !
The cruel tyrant, that did kill those flowers,
Shall once, ah me ! not spare that spring of yours.
DRUMMOND.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

Look how the flower, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head :
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day :
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.
DRUMMOND.

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

Ye, the heavenly creatures of the west,
In whom the virtues and the graces rest,

1

Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song.
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
Where, here, the curious cutting of a hedge,
There in a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
Here the fine setting of well-shaded trees,
The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravel and the green so equal lie,
It, with the rest, draws on the lingering eye:
Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
Arising from the infinite repair
Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price
(As if it were another paradise),
So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
Where last you walked, to turn and walk again.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats:
For in her face a many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing go.
Here further down an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake,
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead,
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned),
To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all,
In singing well their own set madrigal.

BROWN.

TO FIND GOD.

WEIGH me the fire ; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep ;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence :
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

HERRICK.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth, to meet decay,
As you or any thing.

We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

THE BEE AND THE LADY-FLOWER.

As Julia once a-slumbering lay,
It chanced a Bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt, he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the pilferer:
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began to make excuse:
Sweet LADY-FLOWER, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking these rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste.

Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship;
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That THAT he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

HERRICK.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.

Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears :
Nor labour I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the van first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort : Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

KING.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

AN EPITAPH.

THE modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can—
“ Here lies a truly honest man ;”

One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither church nor king ;
One of those few that, in this town,
Honour all preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard ; yet not so many
As left no time to practise any :
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preached them o'er again.
His parlour-sermons rather were
Those to the eye, than to the ear :
His prayers took their price and strength,
Not from the loudness, nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home ;
Not, only in despite of Rome :
He loved his father, yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil.
To the Church he did allow her dress,
True beauty to true holiness.
Peace, which he loved in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end :
When age and death called for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for ;
Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
Gently untwined his thread of life.
What remains, then, but that thou
Write these lines, reader, in thy brow,
And by his fair example's light,
Burn in thy imitation bright.
So while these lines can but bequeath
A life perhaps unto his death,
His better epitaph shall be,
His life still kept alive in thee.

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

GLOOMY night embraced the place
Where the noble infant lay ;
The babe looked up and showed his face—
In spite of darkness, it was day.

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day !
We saw thine eyes break from the east,
And chase the trembling shades away :
We saw thee, and we blessed the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye ;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.

Yet when young April's husband-showers
Shall bless the faithful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head :
To thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepherds, while they feed their sheep.

CRASHAW.

SONNET TO A LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely has shunned the broad way and the green,

And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill with heavenly truth,
The better part, with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast; and they that over ween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth:
Thy care is fixed and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou—when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night—
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

MILTON.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while, in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp : but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and razed,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

FROM COMUS.

CAN any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smiled! I have often heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself:
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dweldest here with Pan, or Sylvan; by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

MILTON.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY IN SIGHT OF PARADISE.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads, to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell; how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Uphraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received,

And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged : what burthen then !
O had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not ! some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand !
Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all !
Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair !
Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent : is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
None left but by submission ; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain.

Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced.
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery: such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore? Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

* * * *

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

MILTON.

EVE'S CONJUGAL LOVE.

My author and disposer, what thou bid'st,
 Unargued I obey: so God ordains.
 God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew : fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.

MILTON.

EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

FROM the other hill

To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast

To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms :
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

MASSACRE OF THE WALDENSES.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woo.

MILTON.

PART IV.—EARLY BRITISH POETS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

IN the infancy of all great nations, poetry is found to have preceded prose, and to have existed long before letters—the bard was the chronicler and the historian. Laws were treasured up traditionally in metrical form, and permanence was given to the records of great events by the poetical effusions of the national minstrel, whose rhythmic chronicle, committed to the trusty memory of other bards, was thus handed down from generation to generation, till literature had its origin, and superseded tradition. In this way ancient ballads have preserved, through many generations, a partial record of important public occurrences, and of striking events in domestic history, though in most cases tradition has failed to preserve to us the names of the minstrels. The early written chronicles of England and Scotland are, in like manner, metrical histories. Geoffrey of Monmouth, Robert of Gloucester, Robert do Brunne, Wynton, and others of our rhyming chroniclers, are familiar to all students of early British history, though for the most part their verse includes little to engage the attention of the lover of ancient poetry. When Edward II. made his vain attempt on the liberties of Scotland, he took with him his poetical historian, Robert

Baston, a Carmelite friar, to celebrate his heroic deeds. The unfortunate minstrel was taken prisoner by the Scots on the defeat of his royal master, and, with amusing poetical justice, was compelled by Robert the Bruce to write a panegyric on the Scottish victor and the defeat of Edward, as the price of his ransom : a poem which still exists.

John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was the author of a metrical history, which we only know of from Wynton's notice of it in his later chronicles. But his biographical poem entitled "The Bruce," and containing the history of the two great heroes of Scottish independence, is still highly valued as a historical poem. We have also allusions scattered through various of those early chroniclers and poets, to others once highly esteemed, but whose works have long since perished ; and occasional snatches of older poems are found in their pages, serving to indicate the probable beauty of many long lost songs and historical ballads.

In Wynton's Chronicle, for example, the following beautiful elegiac stanza is quoted, composed apparently by some contemporary bard, on the death of Alexander III. of Scotland in 1285 :—

When Alexander our king was dead,
That Scotland led in love and lee,
Away was sons of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of gamyn and glee:
Our gold was changed into lead.
Christ! born into virginity,
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in perplexity.

More recently, Bishop Percy, Ritson, Burns, Scott, and many others, have collected together the traditional songs and ballads of England and Scotland, belonging to many

different periods of the past, and have thus given permanency to the fleeting records of ancient poetry, and the works of many nameless but not ignoble bards. Yet notwithstanding the beauty of some of these early minstrels' songs, and the interest which attaches to others of the more elaborate chronicles, it is not without reason that Chaucer is designated "The Father of English Poetry," or, as Campbell styles him :—

Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain stream,
Our morning star of song, that led the way
To welcome the long-after coming beam
Of Spenser's lights, and Shakspeare's perfect day.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER,

BORN, 1328; DIED, 1400.

ABOUT as little is known concerning the personal history of "The Father of English Poetry," as of that of his great successor, Shakspeare. The contemporaries of both knew as much of them as they cared to ascertain, and had little thought of the deep interest with which posterity would seek in vain for more. We learn from himself that he was born in London, and that he received part of his education at Cambridge. A tradition also exists that he studied at Oxford under the celebrated Wickliffe, when the illustrious reformer was warden of Canterbury College. It is also believed that he went to Paris and studied there for a time at its celebrated university. His family appears to have been of some standing; and he is early found the recipient of court favour. His first post was that of valet or yeoman of the palace of Edward III., from which he

enjoyed an annuity of twenty marks. His next appointment was that of comptroller of the small customs of wine in the port of London, and of the custom of wood; but with the provision that he was to perform the duties of his office in person, and not by substitute. He was a special favourite of the celebrated John of Gaunt, from whom he received in marriage Philippa Rouet, a near connection of his patron; and through his patronage the poet became a favourite at court, and obtained appointments which enabled him to live in affluence. He was thereafter despatched on successive embassies to Genoa and Rome.

In the succeeding reign he was involved in the civil and religious troubles of the time, and, having favoured the doctrines of Wickliffe, he had to fly to the Continent. On his return, he was thrown into the Tower, and deprived of his offices. He afterwards recovered the royal favour so far as to obtain new grants from Richard II., which were subsequently confirmed by his successor; but there is reason to fear that his latter days were embittered by difficulties and privations. He died in Westminster, in a house which is believed to have stood on the site of Henry VII.'s chapel; and was buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey—the first of England's poets laid in that spot which has since been the resting-place of the majority of his most worthy successors, as well as the site of the commemorative memorials of others, whose great names justify its title of the "Poets' Corner."

Chaucer is not merely great, as the first in point of time, and by influence of example, among our poets; but he justly ranks as one of the greatest of them, and is still fitly named along with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—

four poets such as no other country can equal. "His original works," says Southey, "are distinguished by a life, and strength, and vivacity, which nothing but original genius, and that of the highest order, can impart. Whoever aspires to a lasting name among the English poets, must go to the writings of Chaucer, and drink at the well-head." Like other early writers, and especially Boccaccio, who supplied so many of the tales of the poets, he is occasionally impure and indelicate; and this moral blemish on his great works occasioned himself much grief as his life drew near a close. He is said to have repeatedly cried out, when on his death-bed, "Woe is me, that I cannot recall and annul these things!"

Along with Chaucer, the name of his contemporary, JOHN GOWER, has been coupled from very early times. The precise date of his birth is unknown, and we are nearly destitute of any materials for the history of his life. After surviving Chaucer two years, he was buried in the Church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, to the rebuilding of which he was a liberal contributor; and his curious tomb still forms one of the most interesting features of that ancient church. His "Florent" is generally believed to have been the source of Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale." But, curiously enough, Gower's early French ballads surpass in poetic beauty and elegance any of his later compositions in his native language.

Though these two are not unjustly styled the "fathers of English poetry," the period which immediately succeeded was singularly barren in all fruits of poetic genius in England; and it is among the poets of Scotland that we must look for those who received the lyre from the hand of Chaucer, and maintained its musical powers during the unpropitious era of upwards of a century,

which elapsed between the consecration of the "Poets' Corner" in Westminster Abbey, by the dust of England's elder poet, and the birth of the EARL OF SURREY, who takes foremost place in point of time in the revival of the sixteenth century.

JOHN BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, has been already referred to as one of the older rhyming historians. His writings, however, lay claim to a higher rank, and possess such vigour and sweetness as give him a just claim to rank among the true poets of Britain. His great work, "The Bruce," demands our attention equally by its poetic merits and its value as authentic history. It was executed at the request of David II., the son of the hero of Bannockburn; and, though not without some of the license of story common to nearly all old historians and metrical chroniclers, it is a relic of our early national literature of peculiar value.

JAMES I. of Scotland, the royal poet, takes a higher rank, and stands in no need of the adventitious circumstances attending kingly dignity, to confer an interest or value on his writings. His life was a romance such as fiction has rarely surpassed. Taken captive by English cruisers in time of peace, and against all law of nations, he was ungenerously detained a captive in England, from his eleventh to his thirtieth year. Henry IV., however, while holding him in durance, treated him otherwise becoming his rank; and, during his long enforced abode at Windsor Castle, he attained to all the accomplishments of a knight, and acquired the learning of a scholar and a profound statesman. While in England, he formed an attachment to the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, who became his queen, and enjoys enduring fame in the allusions to her which occupy so

prominent a place in his great poem. The "King's Quhair," or King's Book, as it is called, is a poem of great vigour and beauty, which justly commands the admiration of all who delight in the study of such choice relics of our elder literature. It has, indeed, been ranked as equal in merit to some of the finest works of Chaucer, whom the royal poet couples with Gower, in his concluding stanzas, as "his masters dear." Unhappily the poet-king was in advance of his age and country. His zealous schemes for reform were resented by the barbarous Scottish nobility, whose manners and mode of thought his education at the more refined court of England had ill prepared him to conciliate. He fell a victim, in 1437, to a conspiracy of his rebel nobles, who forced their way into the monastery of the Blackfriars at Perth, where he then resided, and put him to death with the blows of their daggers. Two other poems, "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and "Peblis to the Play," both humorous descriptions of rustic manners, have been ascribed to James I., but are, perhaps, more correctly assigned to his royal descendant, James V., who also ranks among the Scottish poets.

But the greatest of all the elder poets of Scotland is DUNBAR, the favourite of James IV., and of his queen. He is a writer of great beauty and variety, and excels equally in the treatment of comic and serious subjects. While he abounds in the richest imagery, and exhibits great ingenuity in the construction of the allegories invariably adopted by the elder poets, they are kept in subordination to more practical sources of interest; and none of our elder poets are more susceptible of ready appreciation and enjoyment by the ordinary reader. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and

entered the order of Franciscans. His life, however, was chiefly spent at court, and he was employed by James IV. on several important foreign missions. He was one of those who went to London to receive the Princess Margaret, Henry VII.'s eldest daughter, and the affianced bride of the Scottish king, whose marriage with the English princess is the subject of his beautiful poem, "The Thrisale and the Rose." Some of Dunbar's comic pieces are characterized by the same grossness as is found in all the metrical tales of the elder poets, and is no doubt ascribable, in part, to the manners of the times. This, however, is atoned for by the grave beauty and fine moral tone of the productions of his later years. He has been pronounced by Ellis "the greatest poet that Scotland has produced," and in this bold sentiment some of the ablest critics of the present day have concurred.

Among other distinguished Scottish poets who maintained the dignity of minstrelsy during the long interval between Chaucer and Spenser, is—GAWIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld, a contemporary of Dunbar. He translated Virgil's *Æneid* into Scottish heroic verse, accompanying each book by a prologue, frequently characterized by great vigour and beauty. His original poems are, "King Heart," and "The Palace of Honour." Both abound with much fine fancy, but they are cumbered by the classical phraseology and allusions common to the period; and the elaborate obscurity of the allegory renders them tedious, as a whole, to modern readers.

Attached to the court of James IV., though, as a poet belonging to that of his successor, was SIR DAVID LINDSAY, a poet inferior, in some respects, to those already named, but one specially deserving of note from the great influence his writings exercised on his age and country.

His poems abound in the boldest satire. Both the political and ecclesiastical evils of his times are handled in the freest spirit of a reformer, and with a graphic humour and keenness of sarcasm, combined with the shrewdest sagacity, which were well calculated to win the affections of the common people. With all his boldness, however, he did not lose the favour of the court; though his writings have been justly regarded as contributing no less than the preaching of John Knox to bring about the Scottish Reformation. His "Satire on the Three Estates," in addition to its vigorous, though somewhat coarse humour, and the pungency of its sarcastic exposures, is specially interesting as the earliest example of a play adapting the principle of the older religious mysteries to the form of the modern drama. As with the older writings of Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dunbar, the clergy enjoyed the humour and graphic depictions of Lindsay, without perceiving the graver lessons they were teaching to the people; and hence, while they were committing Lollards and Wickliffites to the flames, these more popular teachers tore the mask from them, and exposed the vice and knavery of the corrupt church in all its nakedness.

BLIND HARRY, the author of the "Wallace," HENRY-SOUN, KENNEDY, and others of the Scottish poets of this age, have each left works not unworthy of the Scottish Augustan age.

The English poets of the same period are—JOHN LYDGATE, a Benedictine monk, nearly contemporary with Chaucer, a voluminous poet, whose diffuse writings have not been reprinted since the fifteenth century; BRADSHAW, a later imitator of Lydgate; SKELTON, a vigorous, but now nearly forgotten, satirist of the reign of Henry VIII.; BARCLAY, and HAWES. But their names are only

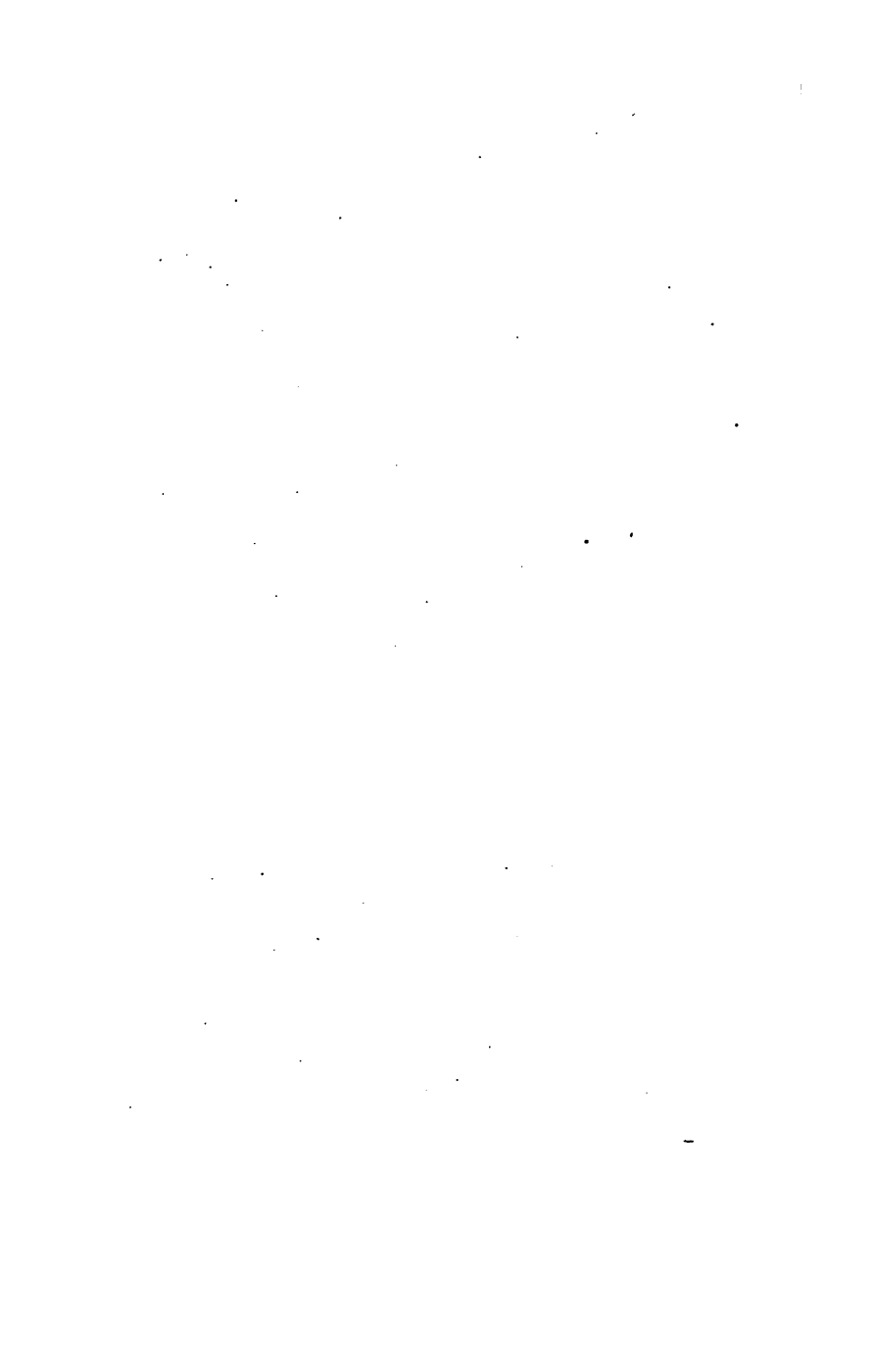
worthy of mention as evidence of the poetical barrenness of the period which immediately succeeded the age rendered so illustrious by the writings of Chaucer.

The extracts introduced in the following pages from the elder poets are brief, as their obsolete words and orthography frequently render them unintelligible to the young reader. These are slightly modernised in the examples given here, but any attempt to carry this process far would sacrifice the true vigour and force of the poems.

From such old poems we may frequently recover obsolete modes of pronunciation; and this is specially observable in the sounding of the final *e*, which appears to have been done at pleasure, as in the analagous practice of modern poets with words ending in *ed*—such as *loved, spared*. In both cases the reader must be guided by the ear; and the same rule applies to letters now silent or altogether omitted, but which frequently require to be expressed in poems of the 16th and 17th centuries, to render the measure complete; as in Chaucer's "Good Parson," where such words as *Christ-es, word-es*, must be read as two syllables. An attention to this simple rule will greatly aid the reader who is desirous of mastering the beauties of the Early British Poets.

EARLY BRITISH POETS.

				Born.		Died.
GEOFFREY CHAUCER,	...	...	...	1328	...	1400
JOHN BARBOUR,	...	...	...	1316?	...	1396
ANDREW OF WINTON,	...	...	...	1350?	...	1425
JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND,	...	...	...	1395	...	1437
WILLIAM DUNBAR,	...	...	...	1460?	...	1520
GAWIN DOUGLAS,	...	...	...	1475	...	1522
SIR DAVID LINDSAY,	...	...	...	1490?	...	1553?



EARLY BRITISH POETS.

THE GOOD PARSON.

FROM THE CANTERBURY TALES.

A good man there was of religion
That was a poore Parson of a town ;
But rich he was of holy thought and work :
He was also a learned man—a clerk.
That Christe's gospel truly would preach ;
His parishens devoutly would he teach.
Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient :
And such he was yproved oft sithes.
Full loth were he to cursen for his tythes ;
But rather would he given out of doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about,
Of his off'ring and eke of his substance :
He could in little thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish—houses far asunder,
But he ne'er left nought for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief to visite
The farthest in his parish much and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
This noble ensample to his sheep he gave—
That first he wrought and afterward he taught ;
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,

2 H

And this figure he added yet thereto—
That if gold rusted, what should iron do?
For if a priest be foul on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust.
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
To see a smutted shepherd and clea. sheep.
Well ought a priest ensample for to give
By his own cleanness, how his sheep should live.

He did not set his benefice to hire,
And let his sheep accumber in the mire,
And ran unto London unto St. Paul's
To seeken him a chanterie for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be withhold:
But dwelt at home and kepte well his fold,
So that the wolf he made it not miscarry:
He was a shepherd and no mercenary.
And, though he holy were and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not despitous;
Nor of his speeche dangerous nor digne,
But in his teaching discreet and benign.
To drawn folk to heaven with faireness,
By good ensample, was his business.
But, were it any person obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him would he snibben sharply for the nones:
A better priest I trow that no where none is.
He waited after no pomp nor reverence,
Nor maked him no spiced conscience,
But Christes love and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself.

CHAUCER.

GOOD COUNSEL.

FLY from the press, and dwell with soothfastness,
Suffice thee with thy good though it be small,
For hoard hath hate, and climbing lickleness,
Praise hath envy, and wail is blent o'er all;
Savour no more than thee behove it shall,
Rede well thyself that other folk can rede,
And truth thee shall deliver, have thou no dread.

Pain thee not each crooked to redress,
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Greatest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a nall,
Strive not as doth a crook against a wall;
Deem thy self as thou deemest others deed,
And truth thee shall deliver, have thou no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness;
The wrestling of this world demands a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
Forth pilgrim now, forth beast out of thy stall,
Look up on high, and thank the God of all;
Waive thou thy lusts, and let thy soul thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver, have thou no dread.

CHAUCER.

FREEDOM.

AH, Freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes men to have liking;

Freedom all solace to man gives :
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have none ease,
Nor else nought that may him please,
If freedom faileth ; for free liking
Is yearned ours all other thing.
Nor he that aye has lived free
May not know well the property,
The anger, nor the wretched doom
That is coupled to foul thralldom.
But if he had essayed it,
Then all perquer he should it wyt ;
And should think freedom more to prize
Than all the gold in world that is.

BARBOUR.

MACBETH'S DREAM.

ONE night he thought in his dreaming
That sitting he was beside the king
At a seat in hunting : so
Into his leash had grey-hounds two.
He thought while he was so sittand,
He saw three women by gangand ;
And these women then thought he
Three weird sisters most like to be.
The first he heard say, going by,
" Lo ! yonder the thane of Crumbauchty !"
The 'tother woman said again,
" Of Moray, yonder I see the thane."
The third then said, " I see the king."
All this he heard in his dreaming.

Soon after that, in his youthhood,
Of these thanedoms he thane was made ;
So next he thought to be the king,
When Duncan's days had ta'en ending.
The fantasy thus of his dream
Moved him most to slay his eme,
As he did all forth indeed,
As before he heard me rede,
And dame Gruok, his eme's wife,
Took and led with her his life,
And held her both his queen and wife.

ANDREW OF WYNTON.

THE GARDEN SCENE.

FROM THE KING'S QUAIR.

BEWAILING in my chamber thus alone,
Despairing of all joy and remedy,
Fore-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hye,
To see the world, and folk that went forby
As for the time (though I of mirthe's food
Might have no more), to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Touris wall,
A garden fair ; and in the corners set
An arbour green ; with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees beset
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knit,
That life was none a walking there forby,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

And the chief protector in woods and shaws ;
Unto thy lieges go forth and keep the laws.

* * *

Then called she all the flowers that grew in field,
Discerning all their fashions and effeirs ;
Upon the awful Thrissil she beheld,
And saw him kepit with a bush of spears ;
Considering him so able for the weirs,
A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,
And said in field go forth and find the lave ;

Nor hold none other flower in sic denty,
As the fresh Rose, of colour red and white :
For if thou do, hurt is thine honesty ;
Considering that no flower is so perfytt,
So full of virtue, pleasure, and delight,
So full of blissful angelic beautie,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity.

Then to the Rose she turned her visage,
And said, O lusty daughter most benign,
Above the lily's illustrious lineage,
From the stock royal rising fresh and ying,
Without one spot or blemish doing spring :
Come, bloom of joy with genius to be crowned,
For o'er the lave thy beauty is renowned.

Then all the birdis sang with voice on hicht,
Whose mirthful sound was marvellous to hear ;
The mavis sang : Hail Rose, most rich and right,
That does upflourish under Phoebus' spear ;
Hail plant of youth, hail prince's daughter dear,
Hail blossom breaking out of the blood-royal,
Whose precious virtue is imperial.

The merle she sang: Hail Rose of most delight,
 Hail of all flowers queen and sovereign:
 The lark she sang: Hail Rose, both red and white,
 Most pleasant flower, of mighty colours vain:
 The nightingale sang: Hail Nature's suffragan,
 In beauty, nurture, and every nobleness,
 In rich array, renown, and gentleness.

The common voice uprose of birdis small,
 Upon this ways, O blessed be the hour
 That thou wast chosen to be our principal:
 Welcome to be our princess of honour,
 Our pearl, our pleasure, and our paramour,
 Our peace, our play, our plain felicity,
 Christ thee conserve from all adversitie.

DUNBAR.

TO THE CHIEF POETS.

FROM THE GOLDEN TARGE.

O REVEREND Chaucer! rose of rhetoric all,
 As in our tongue ane flower imperial,
 That rose in Britain ever, who reads right
 Thou bearst of Makaris the triumph royll;
 Thy fresh enameled terms celestial,
 This mater could illumined have full bright:
 Was thou not of our English all the light,
 Surmounting every tongue terrestrial,
 As far as Mayis morrow does midnight.

O moral Gower! and Lydgate laureate!
 Your sugaréd lips and tongués aureate,
 Are to our ears the cause of great delight;

Your angel mouthis most mellifuate,
 Our rude language has clear illuminate,
 And fair o'ergilt our speech, that imperfyte
 Stude, ere your golden pens were shaped to write;
 This isle before was bare and desolate
 Of rhetoric, or lusty fresh indyte.

Thou little Quair, be ever obedient,
 Humble, subject, and simple of intent,
 Before the face of every cunning wight:
 I know what thou of rhetoric has spent;
 Of all her lusty roses redolent
 Is none unto thy garland set on hight;
 Eshame thereof, and draw thee out of sight!
 Rude is thy garb, disclaimed, bare, and rent,
 Well should thou be afeared of the light.

DUNBAR.

ALL EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

OF Lentern in the first morning,
 Early as did the day upspring,
 Thus sang ane bird with voice upplain,
 All earthly joy returns in pain.

O man! have mind that thou must pass;
 Remember that thou art but ass,*
 And shall to dust return again:
 All earthly joy returns in pain.

* I e., *ass*.

Have mind that age aye follows youth,
Death follows life with gaping mouth,
Devouring fruit and flowering grain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Wealth, worldly glory, rich array,
Are all but thorns laid in thy way,
O'ercovered with flowers laid in a train :
All earthly joys return in pain.

Came never yet May so fresh and green,
But January came as wud and keen ;
Was never such drouth, but ance came rain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Since earthly joy abydis never,
Work for the joy that lasts for ever ;
For other joy is all but vain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

DUNBAR.

THE STAR OF OUR REDEMPTION.

THE star is rissen of our redemption
In Bethlem, with beams blithe and bright ;
The Son of God in earth has shewen him boun,
Among his angels with a glorious light,
As Heaven's Lord of majesty and might !
Come, mortal kings, and fall on knees a-down
Before the king of grace, and life, and light :
The star is rissen of our redemption.

Incline before the Christian conqueror,
 Of every kith and kindred under sky ;
 The high Maker and the mighty Salvatour,
 The meek Redeemer most to magnify.
 With reverent fear down on your faces lie,
 And on this day in his laudation,
 AVE REDEMPTOR JESU ! all ye cry :
 The star is risen of our redemption.

All follow we the star of most brightness,
 With the three blissfull oriental kings,
 The star of day, voider of darkness,
 Above all stars, planets, spheres, and signs ;
 Beseeching Him, from whom all mercy springs,
 Us to receive, with mirth of angels soon,
 Into the heaven where the emperian rings :
 The star is risen of our redemption.

DUNBAR.

WINTER,

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE
 ÆNEID.

THE time and season bitter, cold, and pale,
 The shortened days that scholars call brumale ;
 When biting blasts of the fierce northern Arct
 O'erwhelmed had Neptunus in his cart,
 And all to shake the leavys off the trees,
 The raging storms o'er-weltering wavy seas.
 Rivers ran red on spate, with water brown,
 And burns hurl madly all their bankis down ;
 And land-bursts rumbling rudely, with sic bere
 As ne'er wild lion's roar, nor ravening bear.

* * * * *
 The soil yswept into the water's wake,
 The firmament o'er cast with cloudis black :
 The ground faded, death weeded all the fields,
 Mountain-tops sleekit with snow over hields.
 On ragged rocks of hardest harsh whin-stane,
 With frozen fronts cold flinty cliffs gat shene.
 Beauty was lost ; and barren showed the lands,
 With frosts sharp hoar o'erfret the fieldis stands.
 Sere bellowing blasts, and gusts wi' shoutis snell,
 Seemed on the sward in similitude of hell ;
 Producing to our mind, in every shade
 But ghastly shadows of eild and grisly dead.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

D A W N,

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE
 ÆNEID.

As fresh Aurore, of mighty Tithone spouse,
 Forth of her saffron bed and ivory house,
 In crammesy clad and grained violet,
 With sanguine cape, the seluage purpurate ;
 Unshut the windows of her largé hall,
 Spread all with roses full of balm royal ;
 And eke the heavenly portés chrystaline,
 Unfold them braid, the world till illumine.

* * * * *
 Forth of his palace-royal issued Phœbus,
 With golden crown and visage glorious,
 Crisp hairs, bright as chrysolite or topáz,
 For whos clear hue might none behold his face,

The fiery sparks aye bursting from his een
To purge the air and gild the tender green.

* * * *

Welcome, the lord of light and lamp of day;
Welcome, fosterer of tender herbis green;
Welcome, quickener of flourish'd flowers sheen;
Welcome, support of every root and vane;
Welcome, comfort of all kind fruit and grain;
Welcome, the birds green beild upon the brier;
Welcome, master and ruler of the year;
Welcome, welfare of husbands at the ploughs;
Welcome, repairer of woods, trees, and boughs;
Welcome, depainter of the bloomit meads;
Welcome, the life of everything that spreads.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

THE PAPINGO'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU, Edinburgh, thou hie triumphant toun,
Within whose bounds right blithful have I been;
Of true merchants the root of this region,
Most ready to receive court, king, and queen;
Thy policy and justice may be seen;
Were devotion, wisdom, and honesty,
And credence, lost—they might be found in thee.

Adieu fair Snowdon, with thy towers hie,
Thy chapel-royal, park, and table round;
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I ane man to hear the birdis sound,
Whilk doth against thy royal rock redound.
Adieu Lithgow, whose palace of plessance,
Might be ane patern in Portugal or France.

Farewell, Falkland, the fortress-tower of Fife,
Thy polite park, under the Lomond Law ;
Sometime in thee I led ane lustie life,
The fallow deer to see them range in raw.
Court men to come to thee they stand great awe,
Saying thy burgh bene of all burghs baill
Because in thee they never gat good ale.

LINDSAY.

THE DAY OF DOOM.

THEN with ane roar the earth shall rive,
And swallow them, baith man and wife ;
Then shall those creatures all forlorn,
Warie the hour that they were born.
With many a yammer, yowt, and yell,
What time they feel the flamis fell
Upon their tender bodies bite,
Whose torment shall be infinite.
The earth shall close, and from their sight
Sall taken be all glimpse of light ;
There sall be howling and greeting,
But hope of any comforting ;
In that inestimable pain
Eternally they shall remain,
Burning in furious flamis red,
Ever dying, but never dead,
That the small minute of one hour
To them sall be sae great dolour,
They sall think they have done remain
Ane thousand year into that pain.

LINDSAY.



NELSONS' SCHOOL SERIES

CONTINUED.

CANONS OF PUNCTUATION.

Based on the Analysis of Sentences.
By F. W. BEDFORD, LL.D. 12mo,
Cloth Price 6d.

In this treatise the Rules of Gram-
matical Punctuation are comprised
within *Eight* Canons, fully explained
and illustrated.

An introductory chapter on the Anal-
ysis of Sentences, renders any separate
treatise on that subject unnecessary.

MILTON. With Notes for Schools,
by Rev. J. EDMONSTON. 12mo,
cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

CLASS BOOK OF POETRY. With
Biographical Sketches by D. WIL-
SON, LL.D. 12mo, Cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

Latin Series.

HORACE. With Notes, &c., by Dr.
FREUND and J. CARMICHAEL, M.A.
12mo, Cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

VIRGIL. With Notes by Dr. FREUND.
12mo, Cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

CLASS BOOK OF LATIN SYNO-
NYMES. 12mo, Cloth. Price
1s. 6d.

HOME AND SCHOOL SONGS. With
Curwen's and the Old Notation
arranged note for note. 18mo, stitched.
Price 3d.

New Work—Nearly Ready.

NELSONS' ATLAS OF THE WORLD,

(Size of each Map, 15 inches by 15,)

With Divisions and Measurements in English Miles.

THIS Atlas forms one of a Series of Geographical Works which have
been in preparation for several years. It will differ in many respects
from every other Geographical work, and will be the first Atlas ever
constructed adapted to the language of common life, by the use of
Divisions and Measurements in English Miles, in addition to the ordi-
nary method, in Geographical Degrees. By the method adopted, the
distance in English miles of any place from London, and of one place
from another, in any of the Maps, can be seen at a glance.

The Work will be published in Two Divisions.

DIVISION FIRST, forming a complete Atlas in itself, will shortly
be published. Price 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.

T. NELSON & SONS, London, Edinburgh, & New York.



